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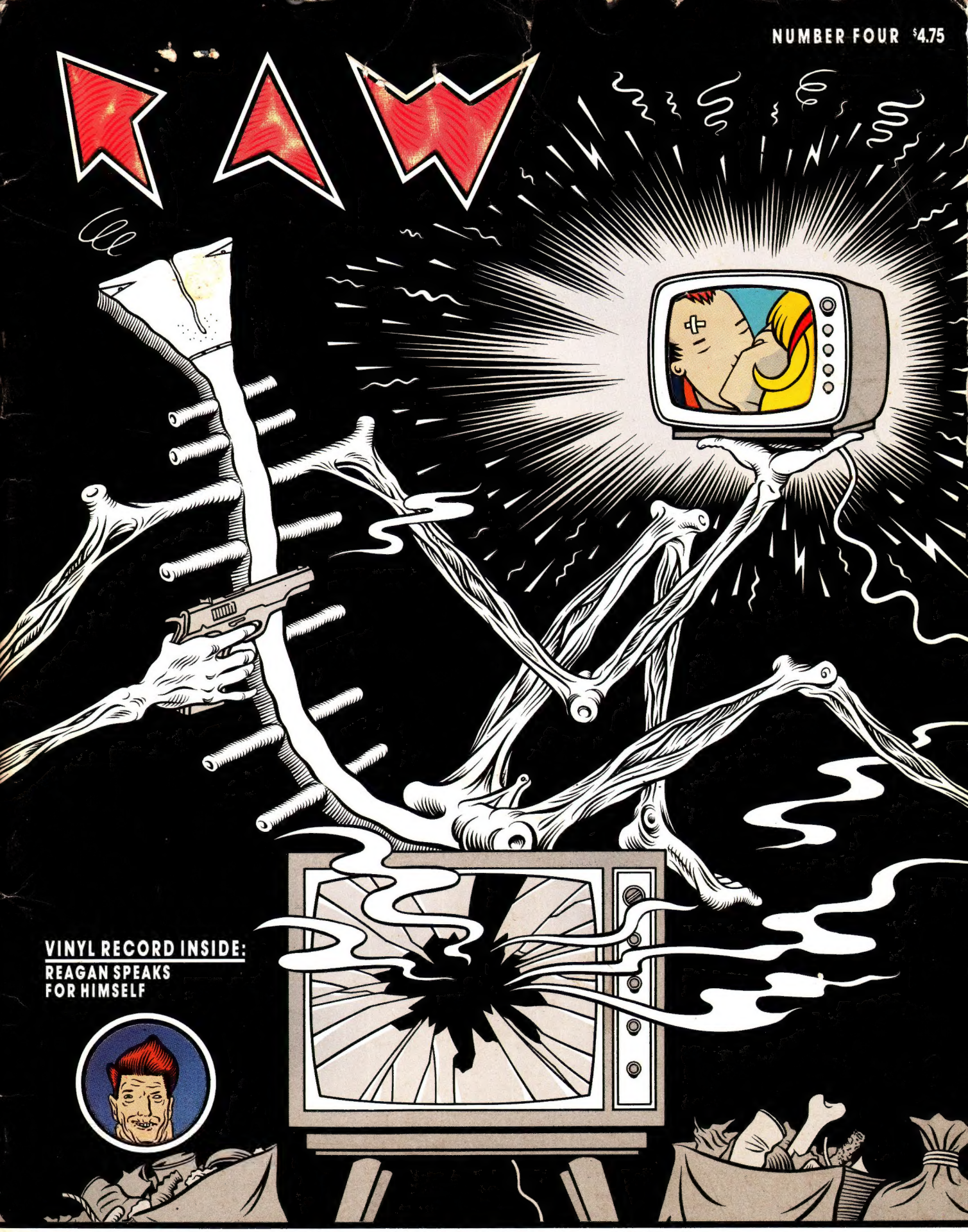

VINYL RECORD INSIDE:
REAGAN SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF

THE GRAPHIX MAGAZINE FOR YOUR BOMB SHELTER'S COFFEE TABLE

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THE GRAPHIX MAGAZINE FOR YOUR BOMB SHELTER'S COFFEE TABLE

FOR THE RECORD: RONALD REAGAN SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF in spite of Eva-Tone Soundsheets Inc! The flexi-record insert on page 19, by Doug Kahn, is a sound collage based on a 1980 interview with our Bizarro-World president (*"Bizarro Code: Us do opposite of all Earthly things . . ."*). The executives of Eva-Tone, America's largest and, to the best of our knowledge, sole manufacturer of soft vinyl recordings, were not amused. The outfit's records have been included in such publications as the nu-wave *Bikini Girl, Artforum* (Laurie Anderson's "let x = x"), and the best-selling *Mr. Bill Show Book* (*"Oh No! It's Mr. Reagan!!"*). However, their more prominent customers include many churches and synagogues . . . and the U.S. Government.

Several weeks after concluding our financial and production arrangements with the Florida-based company we received a phone call telling us that our tape was deemed "morally objectionable." A representative for the company informed us that we "couldn't use a performer's voice without his written permission." We complimented them on their political acuity in perceiving that Reagan is indeed little more than a performer, but that, nevertheless, different rules would seem to apply to a public servant. We told the representative that it was impossible to arrange a meeting with Reagan, and that if we *could* arrange such an audience, there would be things more—uh—pressing that we'd rather bring up. They corrected us, pointing out that it was *unlikely*, but not impossible. In an effort to be helpful, or again show off their aforementioned acuity, they suggested we contact his *"agent!"*

It soon seemed apparent that if Eva-Tone hadn't used this pretext to squelch our agreement another would have been found. They thought we were being "unfair," since the president was a "swell guy." And, though they admired Doug Kahn's engineering artistry they were afraid that most of our readers, not being in the Recording Biz, would believe that our disc was a straightforward transcript!

Impasse. After much panic and scurry, we discovered Disc Communications, the New York-based agency that arranged for our insert to be manufactured in the Netherlands. Meanwhile, back in America, the Fifties are alive and well. And it's not just Rockabilly.

RAW DATA: RAW never hoped to make a profit, and that hope has certainly been fulfilled. Despite the deluxe format and price, the magazine barely breaks even. That is, the income, derived almost entirely from sales to readers, only covers such bare-bones expenses as paper, printing, and binding; with no dough remaining for artist fees, or editorial, secretarial and production services. Publishing economics is such that 60% of our impressive **$4.75** cover price must be given over to distributors and other middlemen. Your support for **RAW**—which, we gratefully point out, has far exceeded our initial expectations—could be made twice as effective by buying the magazine directly from us. To encourage this, **RAW** will now begin offering two-issue subscriptions. (To subscribe, see order form below.)

Incidentally (as a point of information, not blackmail), we anticipate difficulties with some of our distributors over "Theodore Death-Head," issue five's feature piece by French artist Pascal Doury. The sexually explicit imagery *may* keep us off some magazine racks. (To subscribe, see order form below.)

And if you're aware of any bookshop or newsdealer that should be carrying **RAW,** please help us expand by telling them about our **RAW DEAL:** ten copies for $35.00 prepaid.

HALF-RAW, re-christened **RAW ONE-SHOT #1,** is now available. As now envisioned, each of the projected **ONE-SHOTS** will be a solo book by one or another **RAW** artist. The first number, Gary Panter's **JIMBO,** is described elsewhere on this page.

Keep those postcards coming.

To avoid creating more holes in cover send facsimile.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

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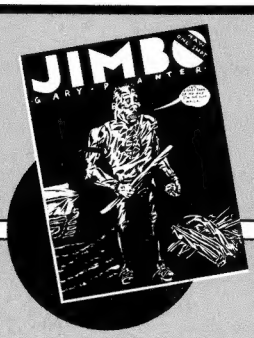
This issue is dedicated to Philip K. Dick.



JIMBO

RAW ONE-SHOT #1, Gary Panter's **JIMBO.** New work and strips from SLASH. Intro by Greil Marcus. 36 pps newsprint. RAW size. Color cardboard covers. $2.50 + 50¢ p&h

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Back in print, **BREAKDOWNS, an anthology of strips by art spiegelman.** Large 10 x 14 format. Hardcover. 12 color plates. $12 ppd

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RAW 1—The Graphix Magazine Postponed Suicide. **RAW 2**—The Graphix Magazine for Damned Intellectuals.

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Charles Burns ©'82

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I accuse. I aim at the stars. I am a camera. I am a dancer. I am a fugitive from a chain gang. I am a thief. I am curious. I am the law. I became a criminal. I believe in you. I bombed Pearl Harbor. I bury the living.

I can't give you anything but love, baby. I changed my sex. I confess. I could go on singing. I cover big town. I cover the underworld. I cover the war. I cover the waterfront. I deal in danger. I died a thousand times. I dood it.

I dream of Jeannie. I dream too much. I drink your blood. I eat your skin. I escaped from Devil's Island. I escaped from the Gestapo. I even met happy Gypsies. I found Stella Parrish. I have seven daughters. I know where I'm going. I know why the caged bird sings.

I led three lives. I like money. I live my life. I love a bandleader. I love a mystery. I love a soldier. I love Melvin. I love my wife. I love trouble. I love you again. I love you, Alice B. Toklas. I love you, goodbye. I love, you love.

I married a communist. I married a monster from outer space. I married a witch. I married a woman. I married an angel. I met a murderer. I met him in Paris. I met my love again. I, mobster. I, monster.

I never promised you a rose garden. I never sang for my father. I passed for white. I remember Mama. I sailed to Tahiti with an all-girl crew. I saw what you did. I shot Jesse James. I stand condemned. I take this woman. I thank a fool. I, the jury. I wake up screaming. I walk alone. I walk the line. I walked with a zombie.

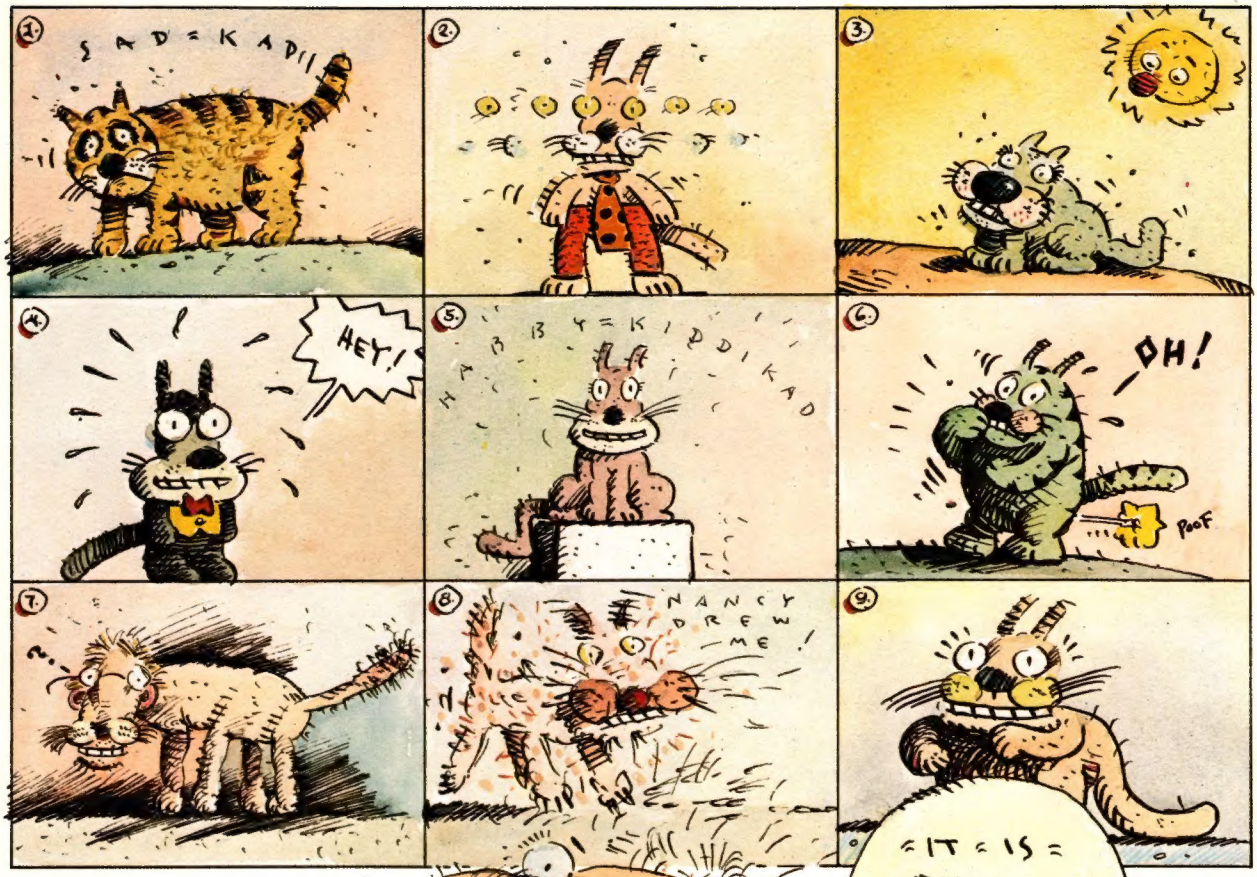
I wanna hold your hand. I want a divorce. I want her dead. I want to keep my baby. I want to live! I want what I want. I want you. I wanted wings.

I was a communist for the F.B.I. I was a male war bride. I was a parish priest. I was a shoplifter. I was a teenage Frankenstein. I was a teenage Werewolf. I was an adventuress. I was an American spy. I was Monty's double. I'd rather be rich.

I wonder who's killing her now? I wonder who's kissing her now? I'd climb the highest mountain. I'd rather be rich.

I'll be seeing you. I'll be yours. I'll cry tomorrow. I'll get by. I'll get you. I'll give a million. I'll never forget what's 'is name. I'll never forget you. I'll remember April. I'll see you in my dreams. I'll take romance. I'll take Sweden. I'll tell the world. I'm all right, Jack. I'm from Missouri. I'm no angel. I've always loved you. I've lived before.

Text from TV Movie Guide. *Illustration by Bruno Richard.*



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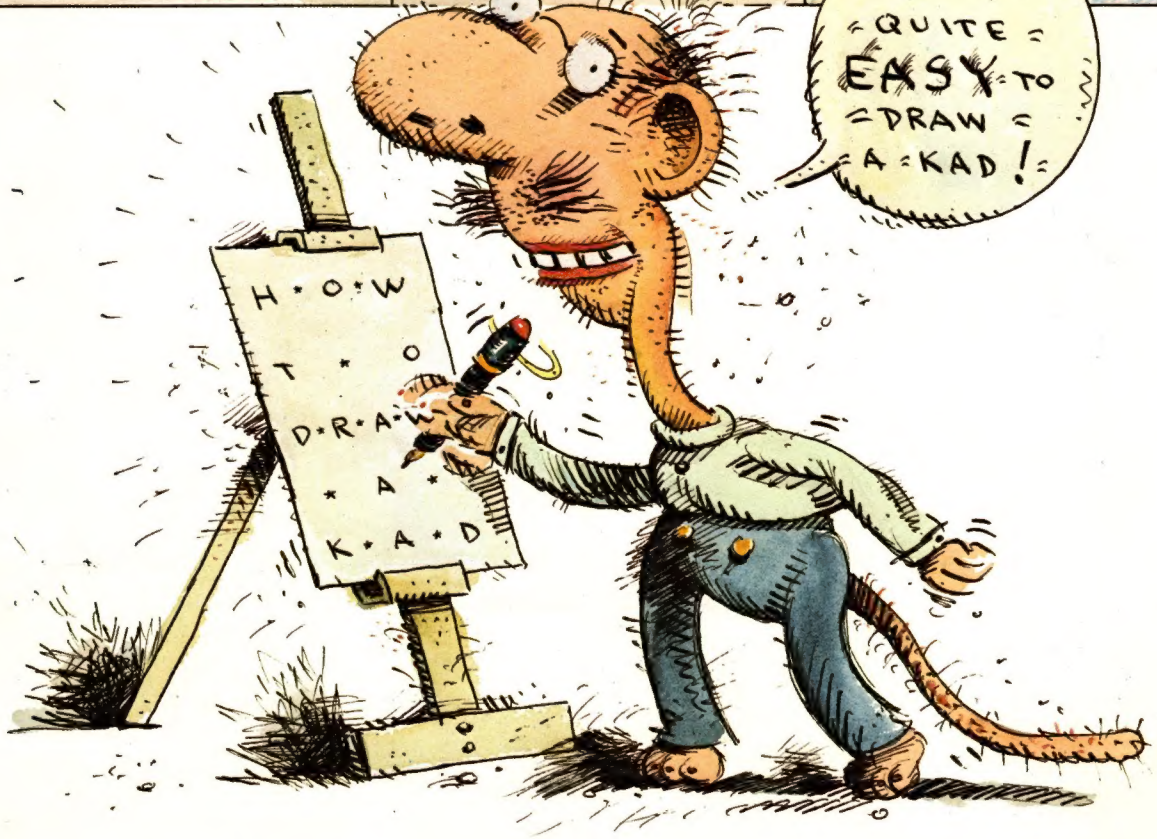

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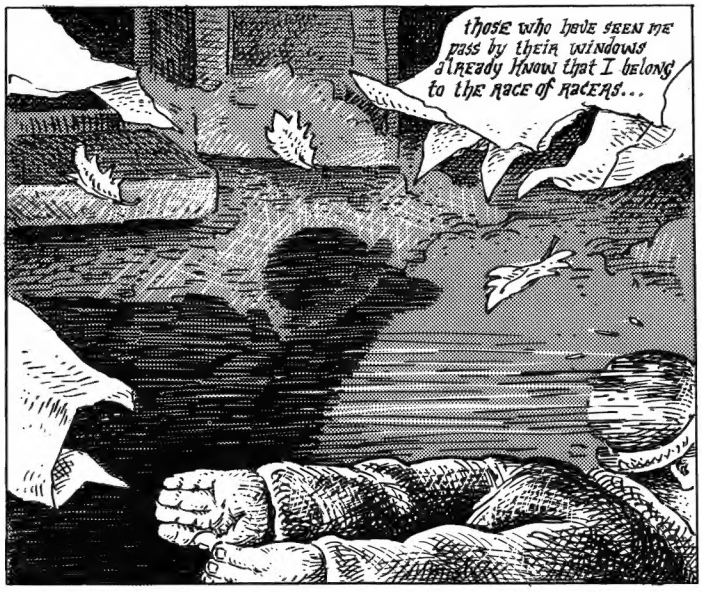
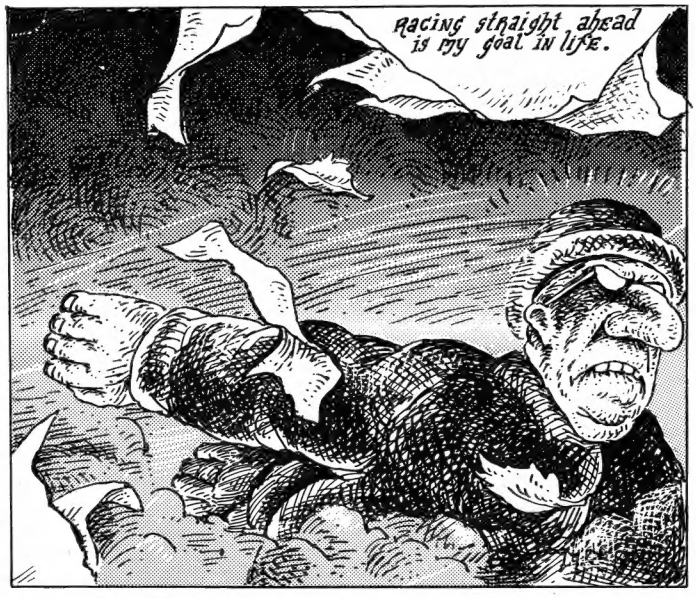
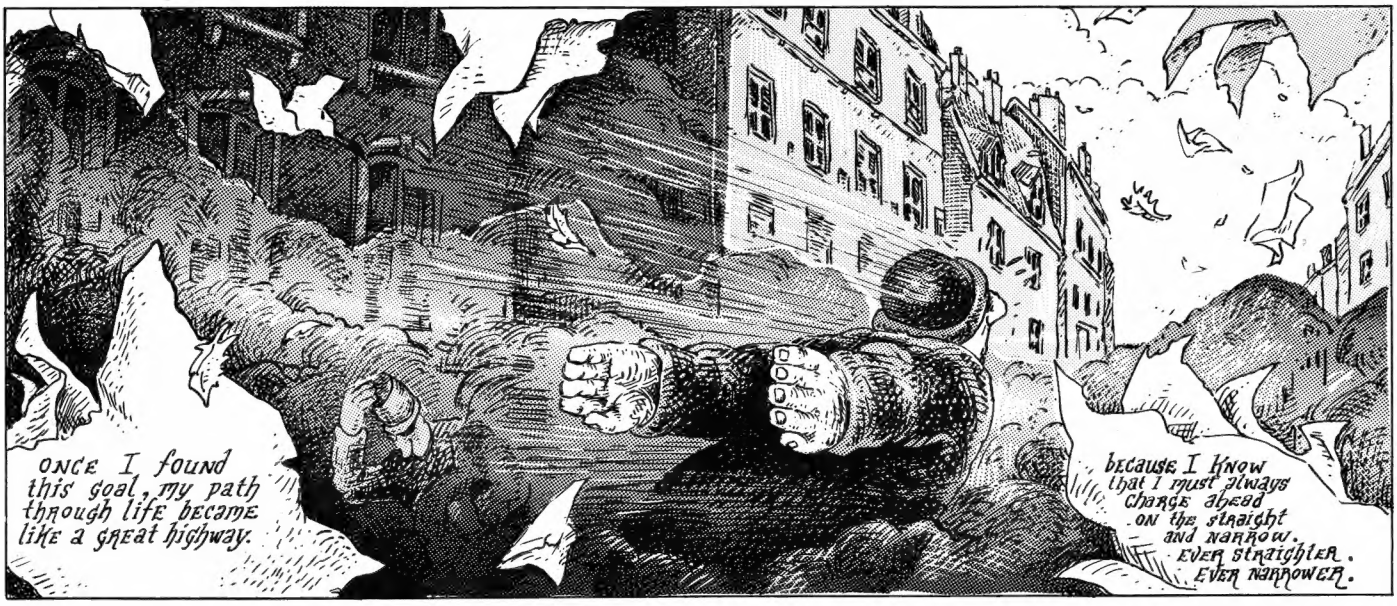
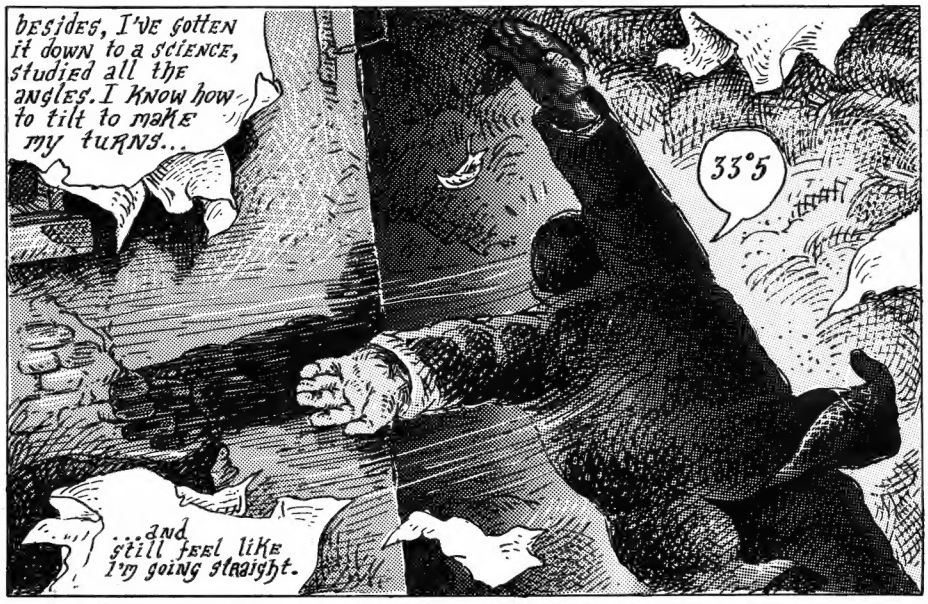




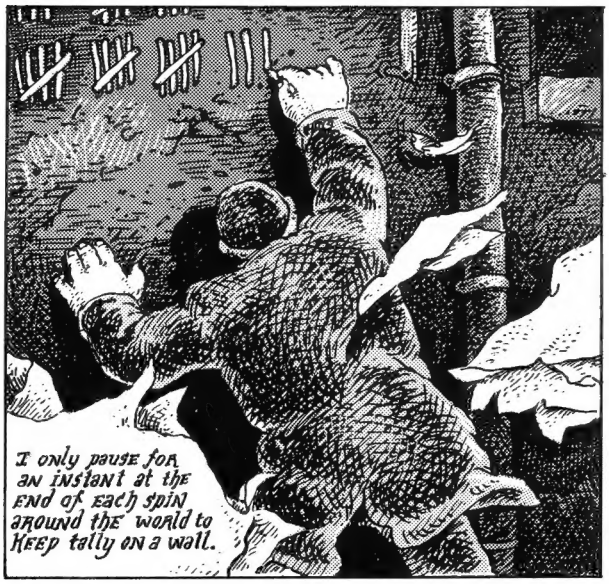




Translation by Nikki Matheson, Paul Karasik, F.M. & a.s. Lettering by Paul Karasik. © 1982 Francis Masse

I NEVER use the bottom lens because I NEVER look down. OR up OR back. OR to the sides.

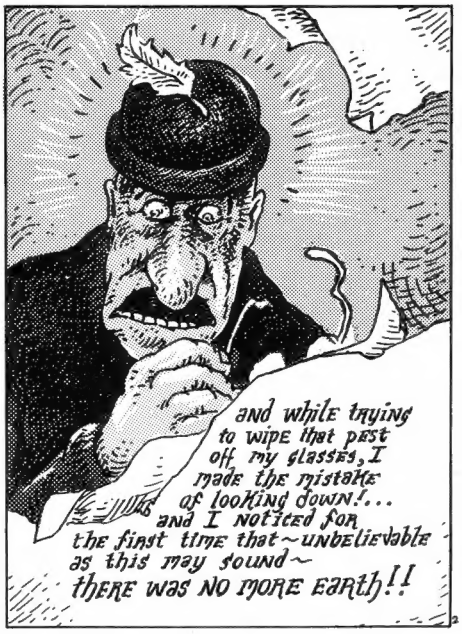
I decided once and for all to only concentrate on what's in front of me. I'm a citizen who forges ahead.


I only pause for an instant at the end of each spin around the world to keep tally on a wall.

and I start again with my faith renewed; because I know that, even if I circle the globe ten thousand more times, the earth won't get used up by the soles of my shoes.

at any rate, that's what I thought until a small fly with nothing better to do, decided to commit insecticide by dashing himself against my spectacles.

I don't appreciate anyone getting between me and my goal, for I must always pursue my glorious destiny: racing around the earth!


and while trying to wipe that pest off my glasses, I made the mistake of looking down!... and I noticed for the first time that~unbelievable as this may sound~ there was NO MORE earth!!

the earth had totally disappeared and there was nothing left to support us but some people who were walking on our heels ~ upside down. But those who aren't afraid of large holes can take a look at the photo and see for themselves.

ah! at last! you've finally decided to stop your goddamn stupid marathon!

huh? what on earth is going on? this must be something new! my goal is to race around the earth as many times as I can! What will become of me now that the earth is gone?

look buddy, change your goal if you want. but for pity's sake, stop zooming around like a madman. I can't stand having to keep up with you.

but, see here. what an idea! I never asked you to follow me. besides, I don't even know you.

oh yeah? I didn't ask for this either, but when the earth disappeared I found I had the dubious honor of finding myself under your feet. I had to follow in your footsteps or take the big plunge!

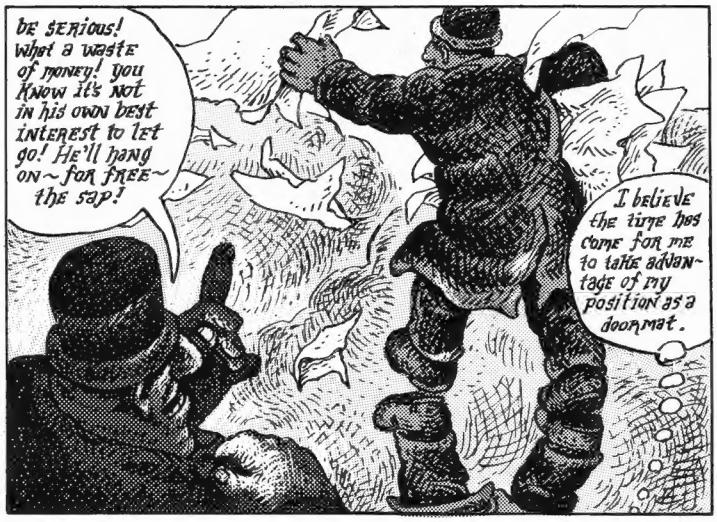
so that's it! Keep following in my footsteps! If you don't, then I'll fall too, understand?

you bet I understand! that's what I've been trying to tell you. I have exactly the same problem.

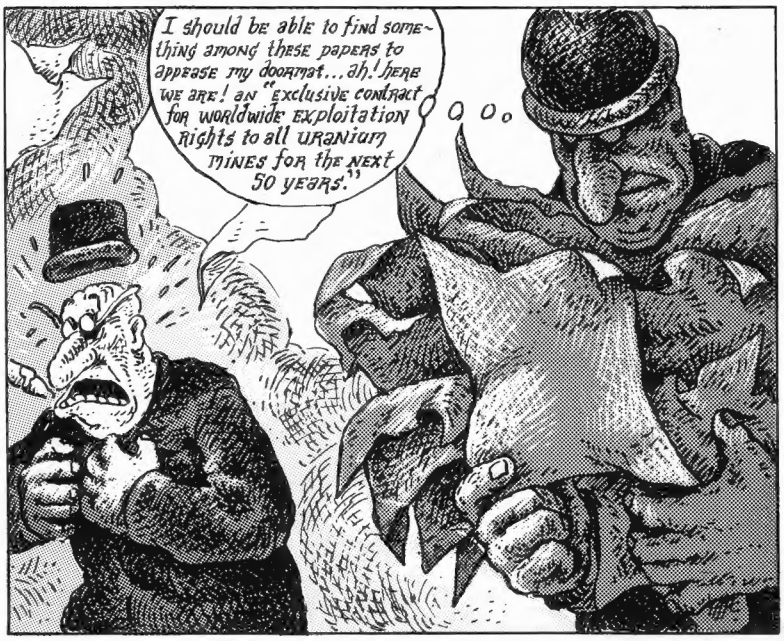
but I don't give a damn about your petty personal problems! Kindly remember that from now on you're my doormat.

tell me my friend, you seem up on things. Could you, by any chance, explain to me why the earth has disappeared all of a sudden?
C'mon, you blind or what? Don't you see all this loose paper scattered everywhere? Why don't you help me pick it up? You'll see, when everything's cleaned up, the earth is bound to come back.

Ha! Ha! Ha! Are you kidding? I'm not touching this rubbish! I was only asking out of curiosity. I don't give a damn if there's no more earth. I'm insured. I'm insured against everything.
I'll bet you haven't thought of insuring the guy you're using as a doormat. What if he decides to give up?


be serious! What a waste of money! You know it's not in his own best interest to let go! He'll hang on ~ for free ~ the sap!
I believe the time has come for me to take advantage of my position as a doormat.

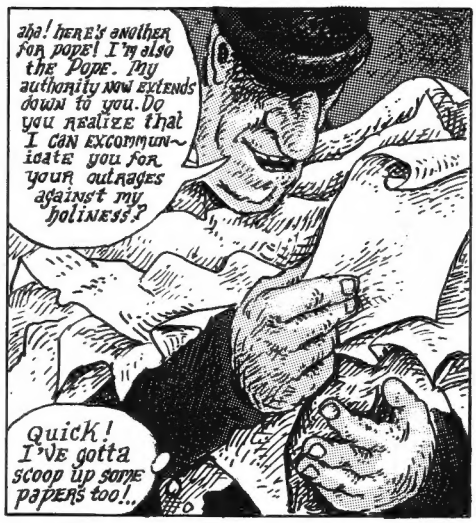
shit! what did I do with that damn Earth insurance contract?
Oh dear! I'm getting very depressed all of a sudden. I just might commit suicide... how much will you give me to raise my spirits?


I should be able to find something among these papers to appease my doormat... ah! here we are! an "exclusive contract for worldwide exploitation rights to all uranium mines for the next 50 years."

here you are, you lucky devil! you've just become a one-man multinational. Do your best to manage this beautiful investment wisely.
okay, that'll do. you start right away.
my contract, help! phew, huff, huff! How will I ever find it in all this loose litter?

eh? huh? start what?
Digging of course! I'm hiring you as a miner in one of my mines!

me, a miner?! you're nuts! I'm not a miner. I'm president of the republic. look, here are my papers.
ah, I'm sorry but those papers are only valid in your country.

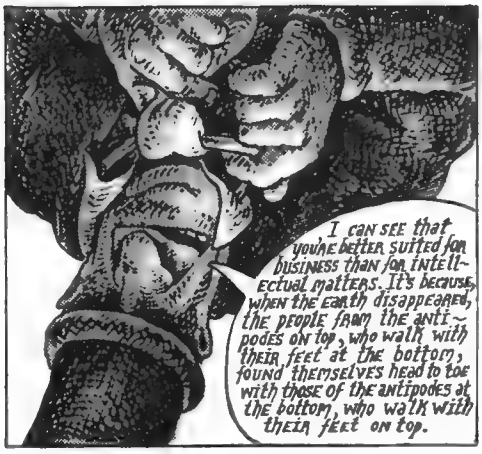

aha! here's another for pope! I'm also the pope. My authority now extends down to you. Do you realize that I can excommunicate you for your outrages against my holiness?
Quick! I've gotta scoop up some papers too!..

oh god! that was a narrow escape. I couldn't find my insurance contract, but I found these ~ a whole bundle of development contracts. It's really all the same, isn't it your holiness?
wait a minute. I have to tie my shoe.
you're president and pope? what a break! I just made a fool of you in a satirical magazine I work for. Here's a caricature of you and your big nose. hee! hee!

my god! Hurtling to oblivion! what can I do to stop this tragedy?

thank god! I saved it!

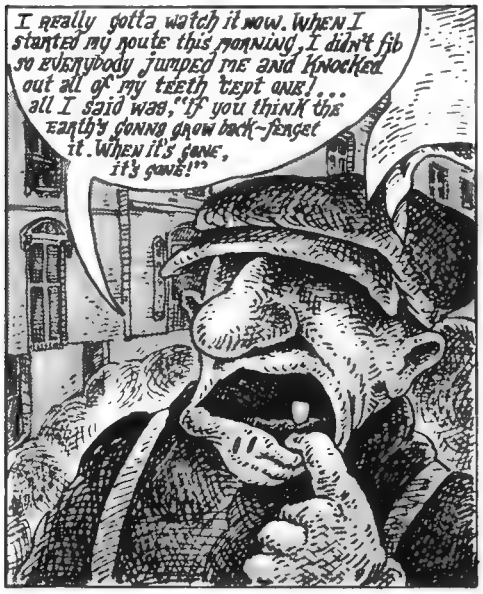
there's one thing that I still don't understand~ why do the people on the top fall to the bottom, and the doormats on the bottom fall to the top?


I can see that you're better suited for business than for intellectual matters. It's because, when the earth disappeared, the people from the antipodes on top, who walk with their feet at the bottom, found themselves head to toe with those of the antipodes at the bottom, who walk with their feet on top.

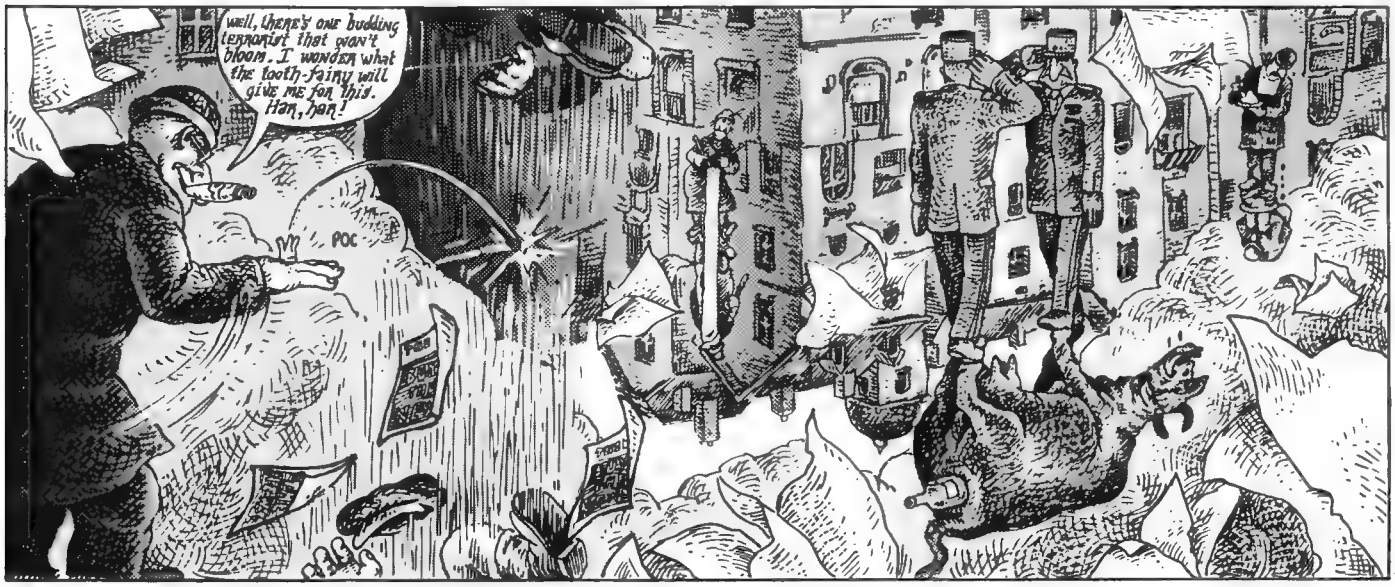
I'm glad to hear that there's a scientific explanation! I didn't think that a doormat like you could excel to such a degree in the arts and sciences.
hey Kid, over here!
THE NEWS
BUY THE NEWS
Extra! extra! "the earth will soon reappear" Heads of state at summit conference announce that they will get the economy back into shape in time for earth's return!
oh, you know it's only a matter of common sense. Since I'm your doormat I mainly excel in the fine art of keeping both feet on the ground

HEY, you call this a NEWS-PAPER? It's just an ad for your paper!
look mister, the disappearance of the earth has also caused a tiny crisis in the press! this page of advertising barely covers the cost of printing the page, which is an ad for the newspaper, which is now down to only ONE page.

So, what's with these headlines you're hawking?
oh those! jes her. just a joke! I made 'em up myself!... I gotta invent all the news to have some-thin' to sell. I make up fun ones so I don't get smacked in the face...


I really gotta watch it now. When I started my route this morning, I didn't fib so everybody jumped me and knocked out all of my teeth 'cept one!... all I said was, "If you think the earth's gonna grow back-forget it. When it's gone, it's gone!"

you'll end up in reform school with all that dirty talk, you little hooligan! this will clean out your foul mouth-down to the last tooth! dirty hippy!


well, there's one budding terrorist that won't bloom. I wonder what the tooth-fairy will give me for this. Han, han!
POC

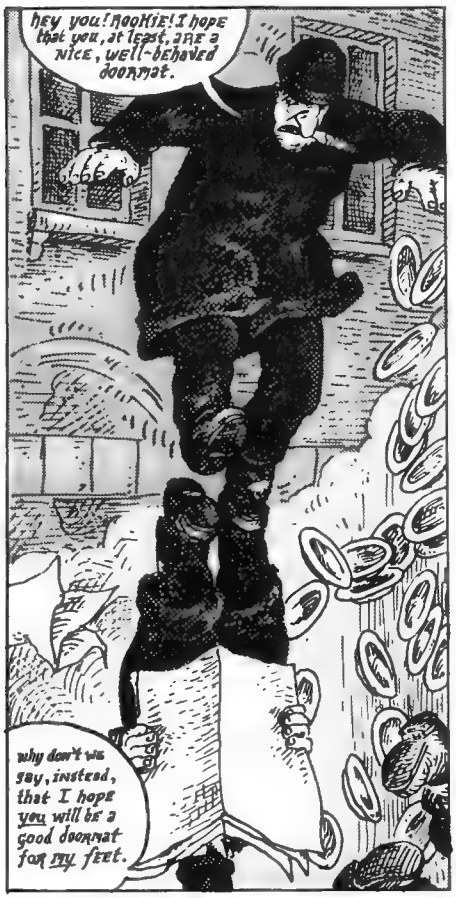
actually, that little squint shook me up a bit. God-we've got to try to turn this situation around.
okay, genius- but allow me to point out that if we turn it around, we're likely to end up with more of the same.

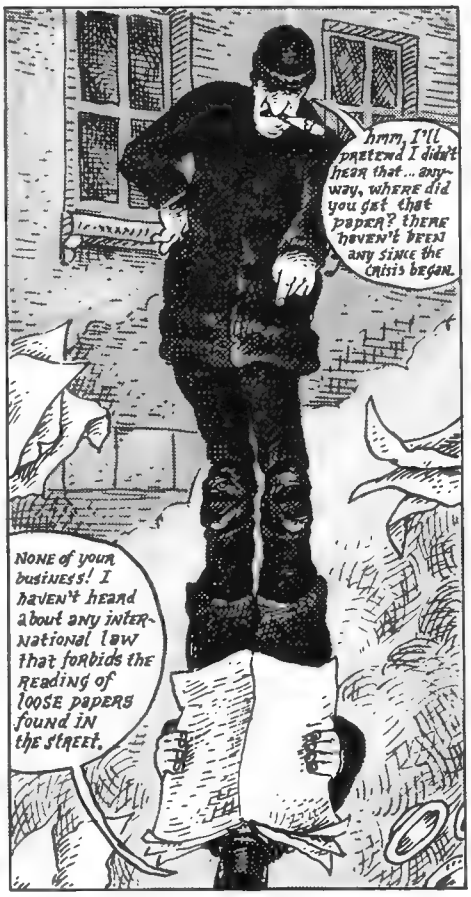
to make things worse, we can't even go back indoors. It's too dangerous, we might lean too far out of the windows and fall out.
POC
I'm afraid I'm the one who's gonna fall if this clown doesn't let go of me soon. And I'm not even leaning out of a window.

up to now I've always gotten over my fits of depression but this time I think I'm going to crack!
Ha! I'm the one who's laughing now. that old fart up on top can shove it up his ass. My teeth already grew back ~~ hee-hee.

hey, my friends knock it off! you can't pull that stuff on me! I don't want anything to do with the personal problems of you below.
that's it ..... I give up .....

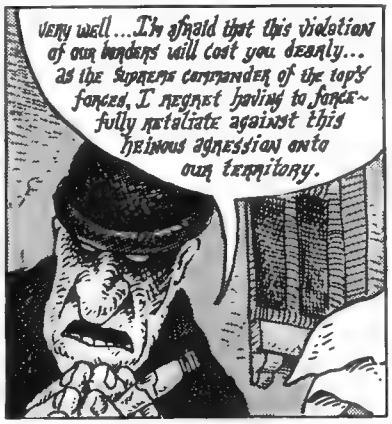
hey, you! shove over ~ I'm cutting in! won't you peasants even learn the basic protocols for aiding a pope in distress?!
hey... watch it! you're gonna make me drop my plates!
waaaa! I dowanna play anymore.


hey you! rookie! I hope that you, at least, are a nice, well-behaved doormat.
why don't we say, instead, that I hope you will be a good doormat for my feet.

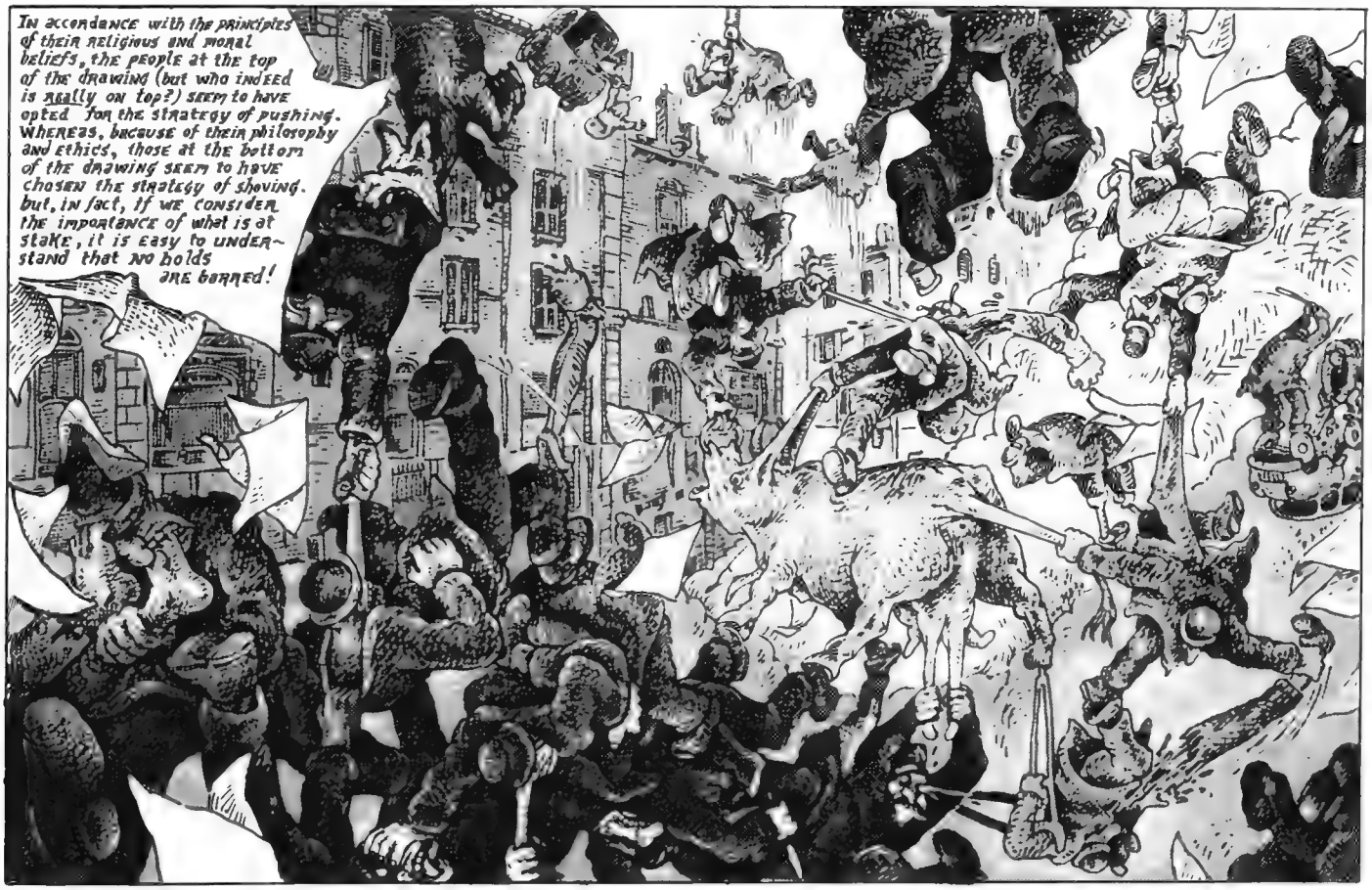

hmm, I'll pretend I didn't hear that... anyway, where did you get that paper? there haven't been any since the crisis began.
none of your business! I haven't heard about any international law that forbids the reading of loose papers found in the street.

that'll do! you're lying! you're hiding something from me! what's in that paper? and how come you still have newspapers down there?
down here? up here is what you mean to say. Must be a slip of the tongue. We are the ones on the top! It's just been announced in our newspaper. We also decided that you crawl at our feet.
what? what is this~ a doormat's fantasy? excuse me, but~
I'm glad to see that you're starting off on the right foot, excusing yourself, because that's the way it is. It says right here, in black and white, that, from now on, you're our doormats.

listen. when the earth was here, we men on top had a mission: charging ahead. Now the goal is to stay on top. and, believe me, we'd rather fight than switch.
yes, we're aware of that. that's why I strongly advise you against any attempt whatsoever to regain a position on top. and to show you we mean business, here's a kick in the shin.
PAF


very well... I'm afraid that this violation of our borders will cost you dearly... as the supreme commander of the top's forces, I regret having to forcefully retaliate against this heinous agression onto our territory.

to arms! Now is the time for all good men to show those upstart doormats that we are the ones on top! change!!


In accordance with the principles of their religious and moral beliefs, the people at the top of the drawing (but who indeed is really on top?) seem to have opted for the strategy of pushing. Whereas, because of their philosophy and ethics, those at the bottom of the drawing seem to have chosen the strategy of shoving. but, in fact, if we consider the importance of what is at stake, it is easy to understand that no holds are barred!

Go get'em, men! try a little harder. shove one for me!
it remains rather difficult to predict the final outcome, since the genocide was such a great success with both sides; in spite of some rather questionable tactics, and specifically some under-the-table compromises conceded to the supreme commander at the top of the drawing by the inevitable opportunistic wheeler-dealers who betrayed the legions of the bottom...

and also despite the very effective strategies of their agents, the secret service, and especially the vicious and shrewd moves of the double agents.
there are, of course, always some unfortunate slip-ups. there are bound to be the irresponsible few who cannot understand that one must remain polite and civil while massacring the enemy, to avoid committing anti-social acts.

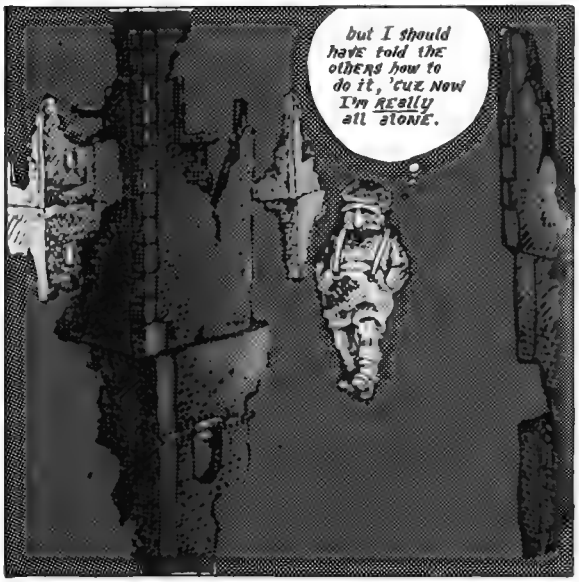
as if all this weren't enough, matter itself ends up being called into the fray. and it should not come as any surprise that matter can behave as irresponsibly as any person...

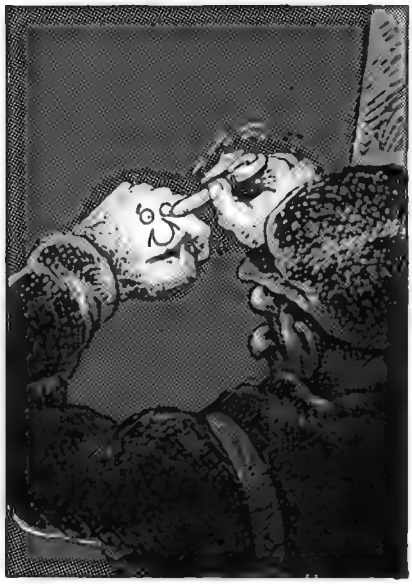
Ha! Ha! Ha! We really creamed those barbarians below!

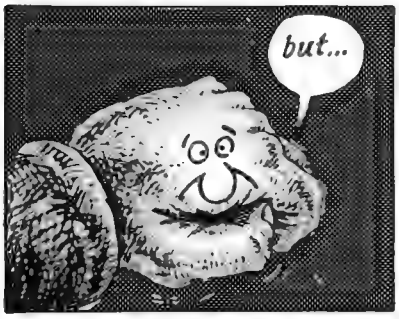
...Especially since soon there's nobody left to reprimand it.

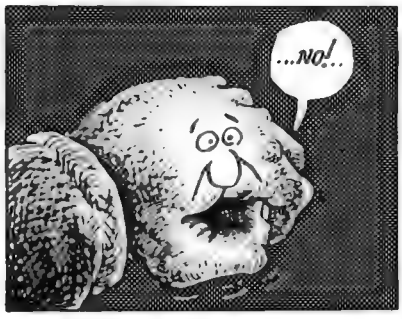
victory!

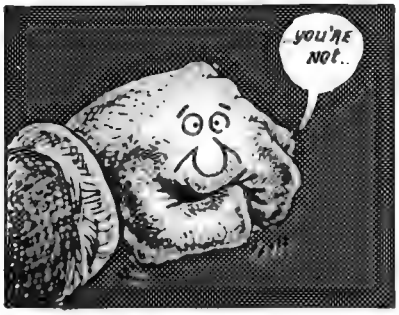
that's weird. a while ago I said I didn't wanna play anymore... so now I'm still standing! all alone!!

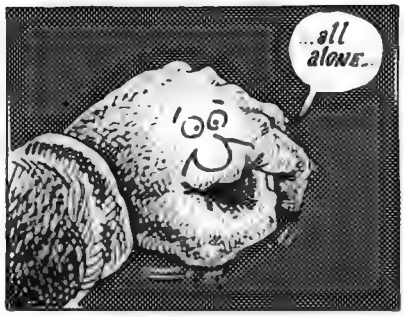

but I should have told the others how to do it, 'cuz now I'm really all alone.




but...


...NO!..


...you're not..


...all alone..

gee, if only they had stopped long enough to figure out the trick of avoiding war... I wouldn't be stuck with this for a friend!
..you dummy!

RAW
Reagan speaks
for himself
PLACE
COIN HERE
IF FLEXIBLE
RECORD
SLIPS
33 1/3 RPM
MONAURAL
by Doug Kahn
1980
RAW-001
MADE IN HOLLAND FOR DISC COMMUNICATIONS LTD N.Y.C.
"FLEXIE RECORD"

Reagan Speaks For Himself

I WON'T SAY A WORD ABOUT . . . *REBECCA,* The 1939 Hitchcock film based on Daphne DuMaurier's novel.

A Review by Milt Gross from *Ken* magazine, 1939 (courtesy Bill Blackbeard and the San Francisco Academy of Comic Art).

JIMBO ERECTUS. Their feeding habits have been the subject of much speculation in the past, but it is now Reliably known that they are mainly Predaceous.

what man i stop MEAT-DOG ?? ??!

G.P.B1.
2

MEAT-DOG STOP!!! MMM... FAT MEAT-DOG! ME MAKE PLENTY!!
meat-dog STROFF!!
?
UK!
yah! yah! grrrr!! yap!! ah HA! HA! HA!
!

©1981 G. Panter.
BARK! BARK! BARK! BARK!! BARK!!! BARK!!! BARK!! BARK!! BARK!! BARK! BARK!!! BARK!!! BARK!!! BARK!!
WHOA!!

SLUG ALLEY GAZETTE

MOLE GUTTERED

Mel "Mole" Conklin began his morning drive-time show on Muscatine's 25 watt BBC in typical fashion: silence punctuated by heavy moaning. Few moan as low as Mole; some say he moans the lowest. Julia and Adelaide, his commonlaw sisters, crept downstairs, roused by the familiar carnivorous breathing.

His morning sponsor was Mrs. Filbert, who dealt squash and cucumbers from a picnic table on her lawn. "Her terrapins are docile and allow free access to the bounty," intoned Mole.

Mole punched a tape detailing the preparation of Black Fig Pie and stepped outside to check the weather.

"Partly cloudy," he thought, observing a single cumulus cloud bloated with chrome and tungsten laborsaving hailstones.

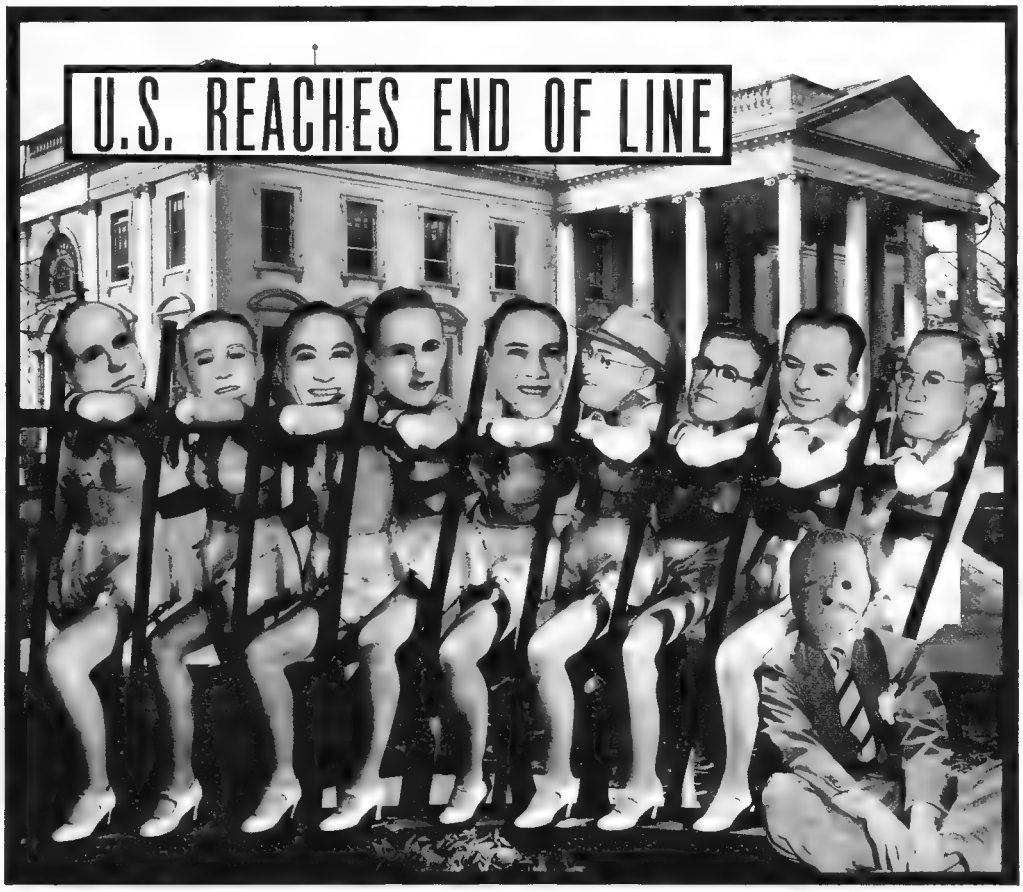
A Terror Crane 98, piloted by a Zorak courier, rounded the corner and hopped the curb. Its barbed tires mashed Mole's feet, stripping sinew and nerve from bone. Genteel passers-by hoisted Mole from the gutter and carried him inside, depositing him in bed.

Adelaide muffled her mourning squeals with a greeting card as Mole's vital gore seeped through leather into the quilt.

"There is no future in radio for an announcer sans pedals," gasped the pitiful Mole.

A speeding Zorak has few scruples and, as you know, will not stop for nothing.

U.S. REACHES END OF LINE



Nyles Salvulak came to Washington from the Swamp Belt, a stowaway on a Wet Pak relay. He is camped on the edge of the White House Grounds, his head discreetly bagged. He is the target of hardware transvestites who patrol the presidential lawn.

Salvulak removed two index cards from his pocket. He displayed them, one in each hand.

"I compiled a list of personal luxuries that I never got around to buying," he said. "Then I made a list of necessities, items that sustain my life. I studied them severely and determined their points of intersection: a single appendix pin and a pint of Noxwater. That loosed me, I deserted my niche. When I break this camp, I'll be off to the Northern Abscess."

If the hardware transvestites have their way, he'll squat on Phantos.

I MARRIED ALASKA

Juno St. Paul assessed the market and took the plunge, investing her nestegg in new husband Bob Alaska. "Granted, he's cold and testy. But his skin is thick and his hair is like rope," said Juno. "He was a bargain, keeps the neighbors on their toes, works like a draught horse."

Bob Alaska is kept alert on a simple diet of Tongue tea and banana bread. "I would rather be kept in Juno than free to roam in logic's grim maw," said Bob. "She keeps my pen clean and my bowel parasites controlled. So far, I love her."

ASK FATHER O'BILLY

Q. What is a mystery?
A. A mystery is a truth which we cannot fully understand.

Q. What is the cause of roachy odor?
A. The offensive, sickening odor associated with roaches is due largely to an oily liquid secreted by their scent glands. The ink-like liquid and pellets of excrement also contribute to this nauseating odor.

Q. What was Hans Arp's premonition?
A. That power-mad gangsters would one day use art as a way of deadening men's minds.

Q. What is reality?
A. Reality is a vague stink that anyone can smell, although no one knows where it comes from.

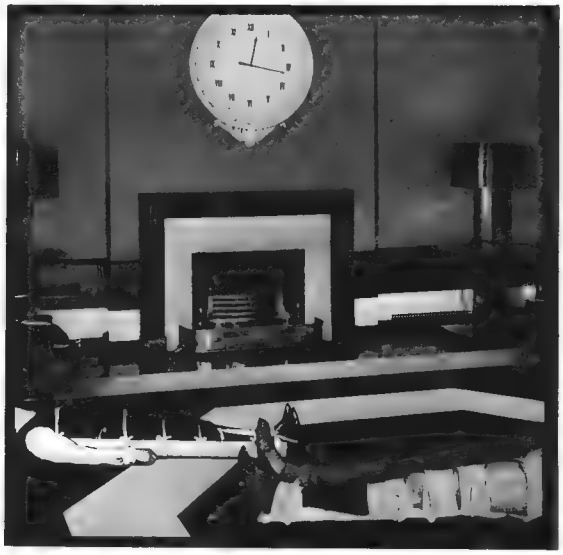
President Baxter's Week

Buck Baxter began the week at a buffet lunch for Queen Rhodan; he closed the gearbox late Friday night with a sprawling speech of seven hours duration. Queen Rhodan of Typhum limped into town without warning, the victim of a savage brawl in Baltimore's Visceral slum. Hopelessly lost, her entourage scattered. Her slugbuggy was splintered and dispensed for souvenir.

"I lack expertise," she told Baxter at the buffet in her honor.

"I have no tip," he replied, "I have a cackling cock, called old wagging tongue." They gripped furiously. "The Seraphim Kiss," said little Ann Harbor, popping her joints with relish. "This is truly a solemn occasion."

Unusual psychic disturbances alerted the ruling class to the presence of the Geometrons, denizens of an overused but reliable collateral dimension. Baxter exposed a curious contrivance, fashioned by the Department of Hideous Conflict to intercept their utterances. "We call her Robin," said Baxter. "An open channel is maintained by daily honeybutter rubdowns." And the Geometrons? "No comment," replied the President.



Flabbergas conduits were flared during Baxter's meeting with Prime Pimbledon Putney duMont. A comatose angst finally prevailed over the discussions of campaign strategies. As political heads puffed out and went blue, dream technicians assembled for overtime duty in the Hallucination Recovery Room.

Gracie and the Newt Twins softened harsh rhetoric with their vocal trilling. We record only highlights.

His Talk:

"Are You the Happy Type?"

"I abide no pettiness. The Big Clipper, Dr. Wormwood Fibber will so attest. He is both neuroanatomist and electrophysiologist to me, the parents I never had."

"Are you the happy type? If so, secure yourself in the manner of a virgin poodle tossed to a brace of flaming studpigs. Never ignore your condition, treat it as a living thing. If you are not the happy type, pursue one who is. Nip at their heels until they release their secrets. Collect hair samples and pharmaceutical receipts. Brief me, I lack satiation."

"Our postmen require sidearms, compact but deadly, and three-speed bicycles without brakes. Our Madison Avenue types require discipline. A prohibition of advertising techniques developed since 1954 would suit me fine."

© 1982 Josef Schwind

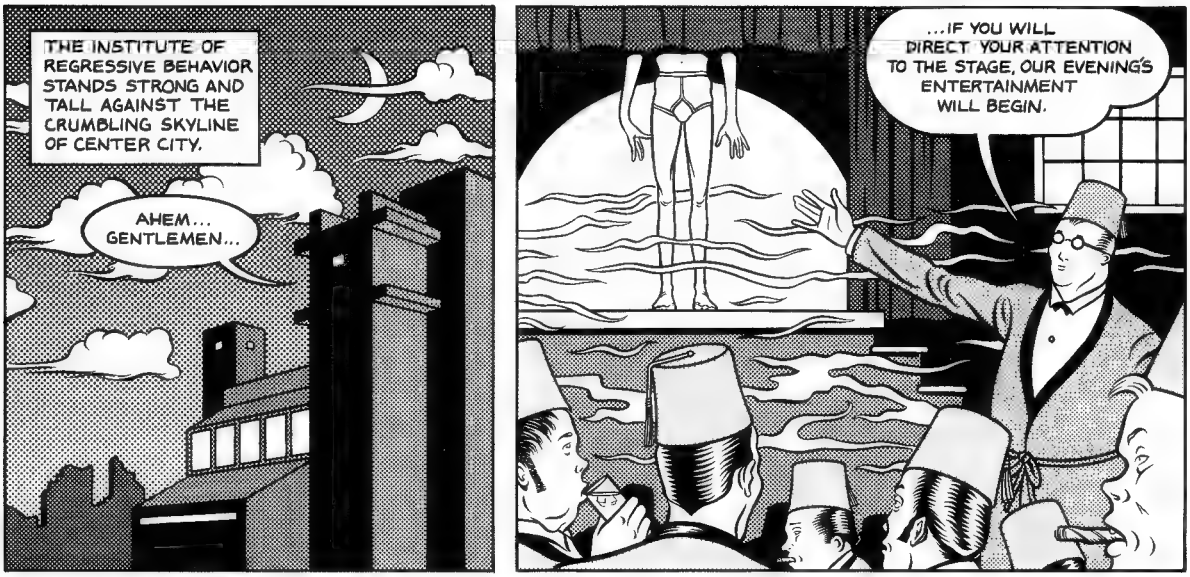
Newly enfranchised kids give the campaign the young college spirit

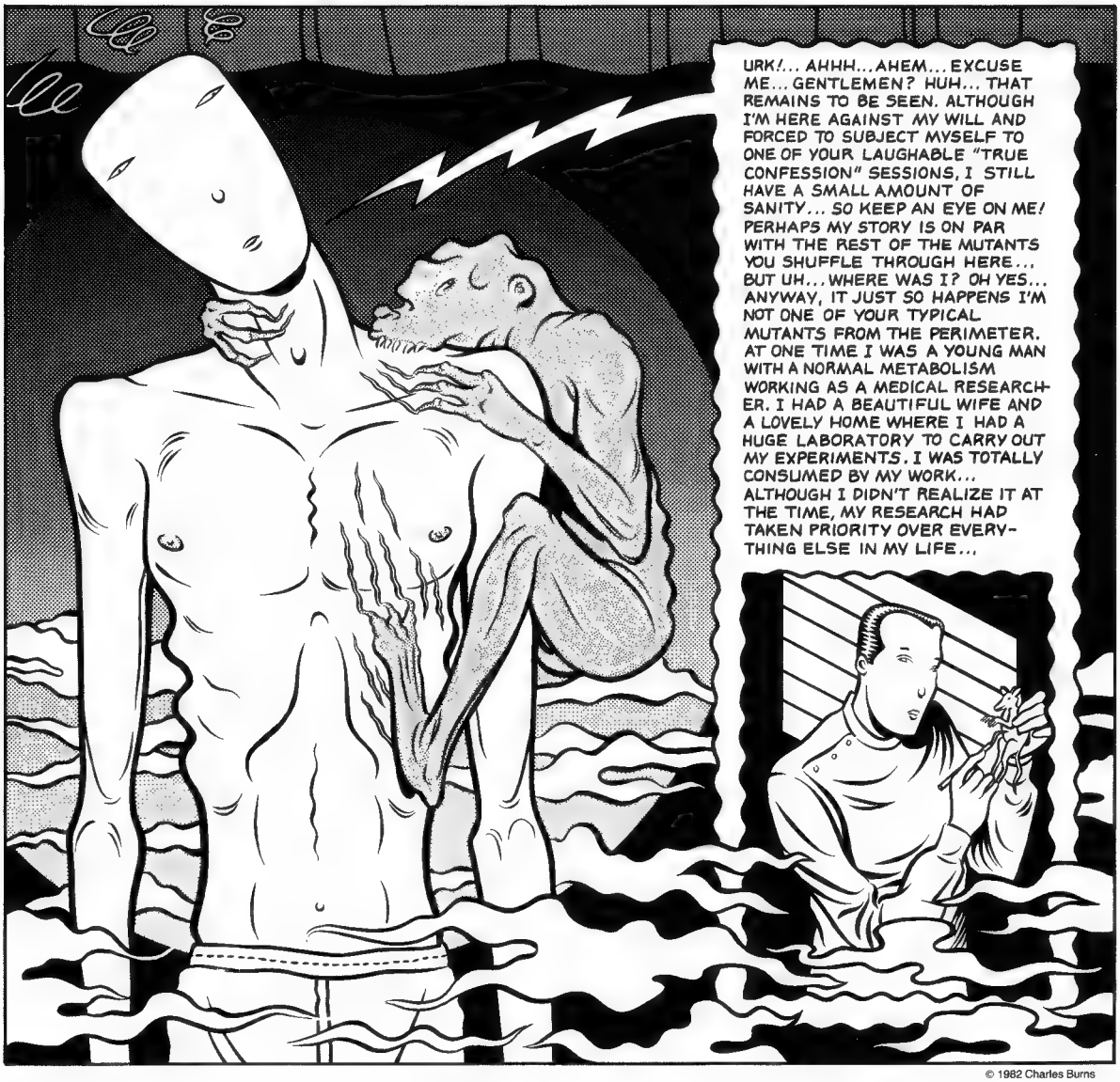
The Bold Bucks, a young Pimbledon outfit, monitored the speech in private homes throughout the Swamp Belt.

JACK SURVIVES

© '81 Jerry Moriarty

THE VOICE OF WALKING FLESH





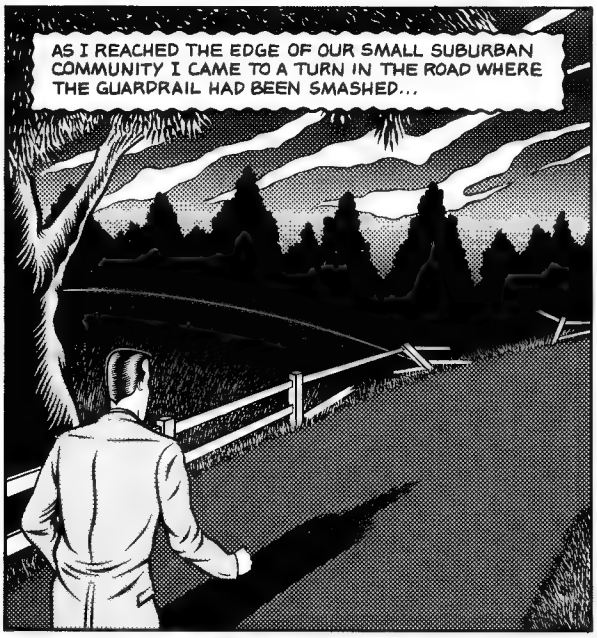
© 1982 Charles Burns

IF I HADN'T BEEN SO PREOCCUPIED WITH MY WORK I WOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SEE THE WARNING SIGNS. MY HEALTH WAS SLOWLY DETERIORATING, I NEVER RELAXED OR FOUND TIME FOR NORMAL RECREATION...
DARLING? ARE YOU READY YET? OPEN THE DOOR... IT'S GETTING LATE...

OH, DARLING! DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THE COCKTAIL PARTY AT THE BURTONS... JIM IS HERE TO DRIVE US OVER... WE'RE GOING TO BE LATE!
AHH GEE HONEY... I JUST CAN'T STOP NOW! IT TOOK ME HOURS TO SET THIS EXPERIMENT UP... YOU GO AHEAD WITH JIM AND PERHAPS I CAN MEET YOU THERE LATER...

OH, ALL RIGHT DEAR... BUT I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU HAVE TO DEVOTE EVERY MINUTE OF YOUR LIFE TO THOSE SILLY OLD TEST-TUBES... GOODNIGHT...
HAVE A GOOD TIME HONEY... GOODNIGHT JIM...

MY HABIT WAS RELATIVELY SMALL IN THOSE DAYS...FOR A FULL EVENING'S WORK I WOULD KEEP THE BEAST ON FOR ABOUT 30 SECONDS... ON THE EVENING THAT MY WIFE LEFT FOR THE PARTY I REMEMBER TAKING AN UNUSUALLY LARGE DOSE... I CHOSE TO IGNORE THE EXCRUCIATING PAIN OF REMOVING THE BEAST...THE
BENEFITS ALWAYS OUTWEIGHED THE PAIN. THE REWARD WAS HOURS OF PERFECT CLARITY... HOURS WHERE I COULD WORK LONGER AND MORE EFFECTIVELY THAN ANY NORMAL HUMAN... MY BODY WAS REDUCED TO A PAINLESS VESSEL THAT OPERATED FLAWLESSLY...THE BEAST MADE ME WHOLE AND PERFECT.
I KNEW CINDY WOULD BE ANGRY WITH ME FOR WORKING SO LATE, SO I CALLED THE BURTONS TO APOLOGIZE.
HI LENA, THIS IS ROGER. I'M SORRY I WASN'T ABLE TO MAKE IT TONIGHT...IS CINDY THERE? I NEED TO TALK WITH HER...
CINDY, WHY I EXPECTED HER TO SHOW UP WITH JIM, BUT THEY NEVER ARRIVED...
WHAT? ARE YOU SURE?
SURE I'M SURE... I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THEM ALL EVENING.
THE BURTONS LIVED LESS THAN A MILE AWAY...I QUICKLY CHANGED MY CLOTHES AND STARTED RUNNING TOWARDS THEIR HOUSE.

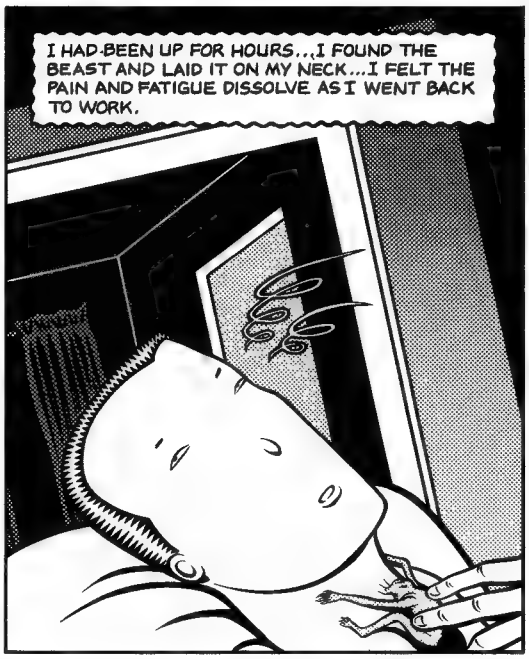

AS I REACHED THE EDGE OF OUR SMALL SUBURBAN COMMUNITY I CAME TO A TURN IN THE ROAD WHERE THE GUARDRAIL HAD BEEN SMASHED...

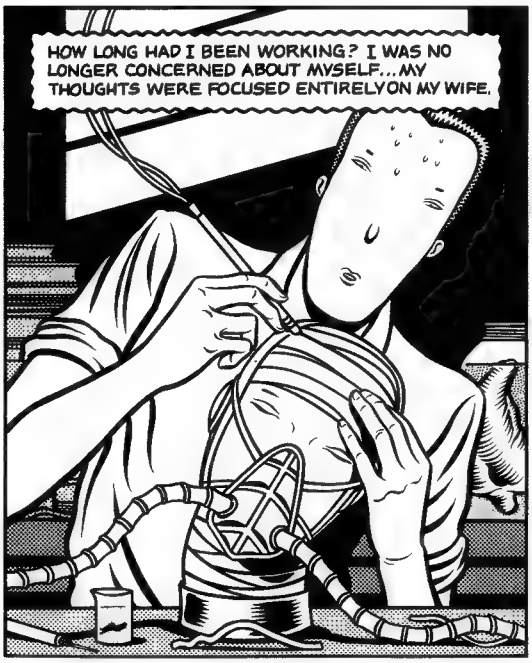
WITH MY HEART POUNDING IN MY THROAT, I STARTED OVER THE EMBANKMENT... WHAT I SAW CONFIRMED MY WORST FEARS.

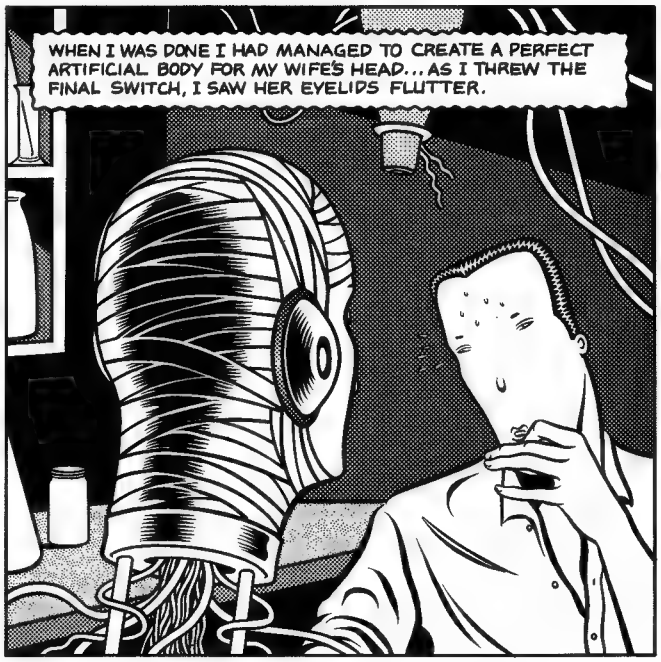
OH NO...CINDY... IT CAN'T END LIKE THIS! I WON'T LET IT! I WON'T LET YOU DIE LIKE THIS CINDY!

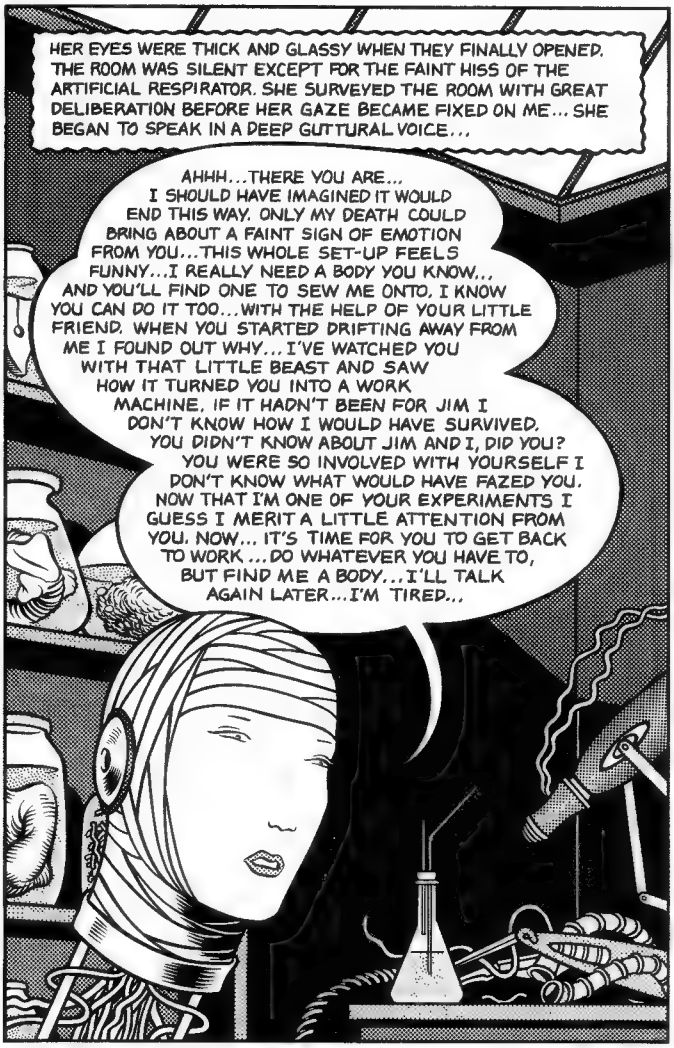
BY THE TIME I REACHED OUR HOUSE MY LUNGS WERE BURNING WITH EXHAUSTION. WITH CINDY'S DAMP SEVERED HEAD IN MY ARMS, I MADE MY WAY BACK TO THE LABORATORY.

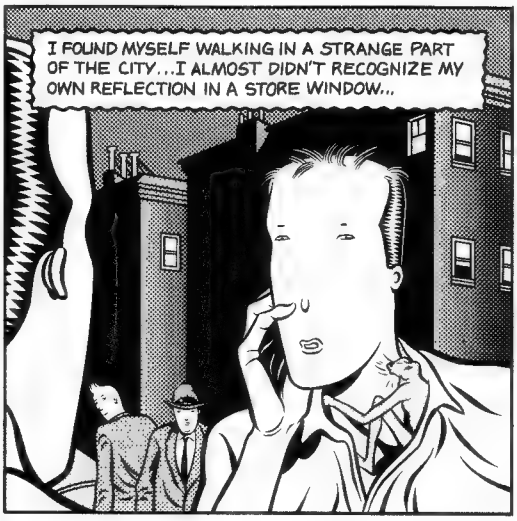
AFTER I HAD TAKEN THE MOST RUDIMENTARY STEPS TO FORCE MY WIFE'S HEAD BACK TO LIFE, I FELT MYSELF SLIPPING.


I HAD BEEN UP FOR HOURS...I FOUND THE BEAST AND LAID IT ON MY NECK...I FELT THE PAIN AND FATIGUE DISSOLVE AS I WENT BACK TO WORK.


HOW LONG HAD I BEEN WORKING? I WAS NO LONGER CONCERNED ABOUT MYSELF...MY THOUGHTS WERE FOCUSED ENTIRELY ON MY WIFE.


WHEN I WAS DONE I HAD MANAGED TO CREATE A PERFECT ARTIFICIAL BODY FOR MY WIFE'S HEAD...AS I THREW THE FINAL SWITCH, I SAW HER EYELIDS FLUTTER.


HER EYES WERE THICK AND GLASSY WHEN THEY FINALLY OPENED. THE ROOM WAS SILENT EXCEPT FOR THE FAINT HISS OF THE ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATOR. SHE SURVEYED THE ROOM WITH GREAT DELIBERATION BEFORE HER GAZE BECAME FIXED ON ME... SHE BEGAN TO SPEAK IN A DEEP GUTTURAL VOICE...
AHHH...THERE YOU ARE... I SHOULD HAVE IMAGINED IT WOULD END THIS WAY. ONLY MY DEATH COULD BRING ABOUT A FAINT SIGN OF EMOTION FROM YOU...THIS WHOLE SET-UP FEELS FUNNY...I REALLY NEED A BODY YOU KNOW... AND YOU'LL FIND ONE TO SEW ME ONTO, I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT TOO...WITH THE HELP OF YOUR LITTLE FRIEND. WHEN YOU STARTED DRIFTING AWAY FROM ME I FOUND OUT WHY... I'VE WATCHED YOU WITH THAT LITTLE BEAST AND SAW HOW IT TURNED YOU INTO A WORK MACHINE. IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR JIM I DON'T KNOW HOW I WOULD HAVE SURVIVED. YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT JIM AND I, DID YOU? YOU WERE SO INVOLVED WITH YOURSELF I DON'T KNOW WHAT WOULD HAVE FAZED YOU. NOW THAT I'M ONE OF YOUR EXPERIMENTS I GUESS I MERIT A LITTLE ATTENTION FROM YOU. NOW... IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GET BACK TO WORK ...DO WHATEVER YOU HAVE TO, BUT FIND ME A BODY...I'LL TALK AGAIN LATER...I'M TIRED...

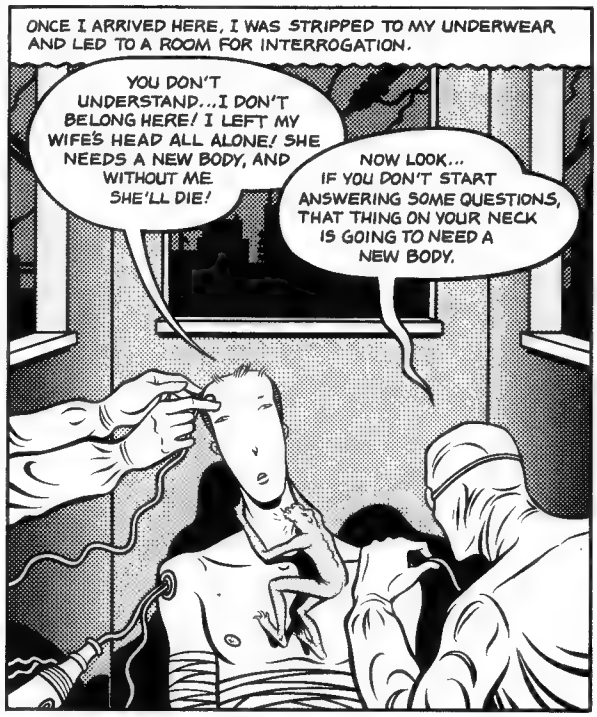

I FOUND MYSELF WALKING IN A STRANGE PART OF THE CITY...I ALMOST DIDN'T RECOGNIZE MY OWN REFLECTION IN A STORE WINDOW...

MY HAIR WAS FALLING OUT...THE BEAST WAS ON MY NECK...IT HAD GROWN AND ITS SKIN WAS DARKER...

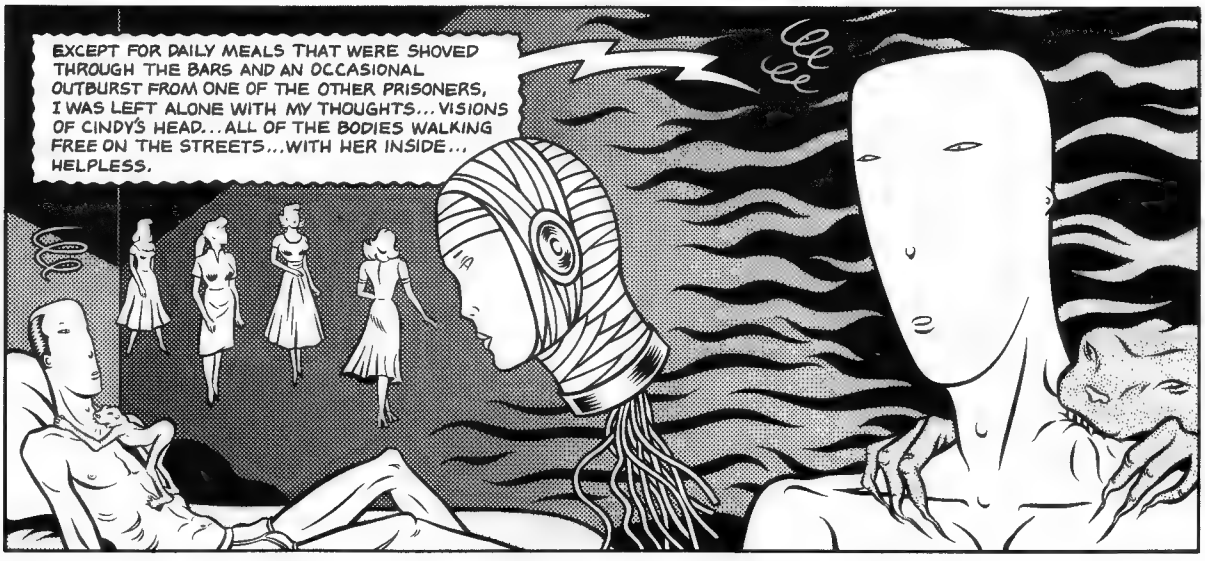
I WALKED ON WITH MY WIFE'S WORDS RINGING IN MY EARS...I WAS WALKING THROUGH THE CITY SEARCHING FOR A BODY.

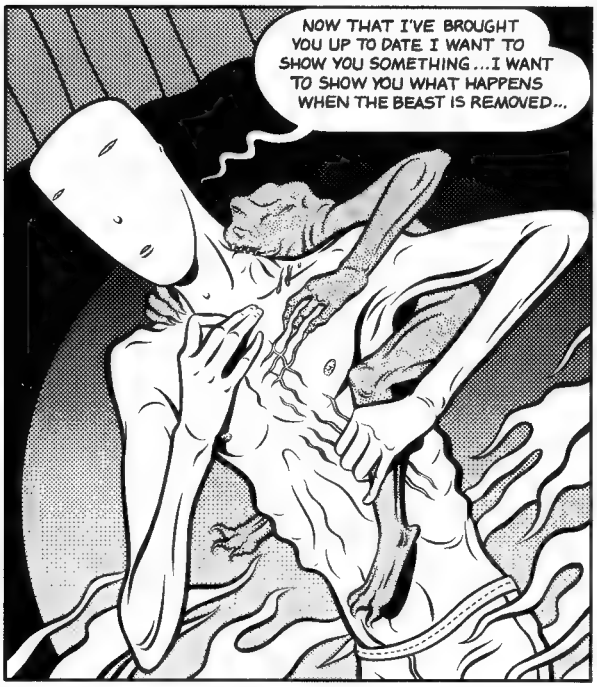
I GUESS WHAT HAPPENED NEXT IS RATHER OBVIOUS... ONE OF YOUR PLAINCLOTHES MEN SPOTTED ME AND TOOK ME IN FOR QUESTIONING AND EVALUATIONS.

I WAS THROWN INTO THE BACK OF A VAN... I OFFERED NO RESISTANCE. AN IMAGE OF A WOMAN'S BODY WITHOUT A HEAD WAS BURNING IN MY MIND.

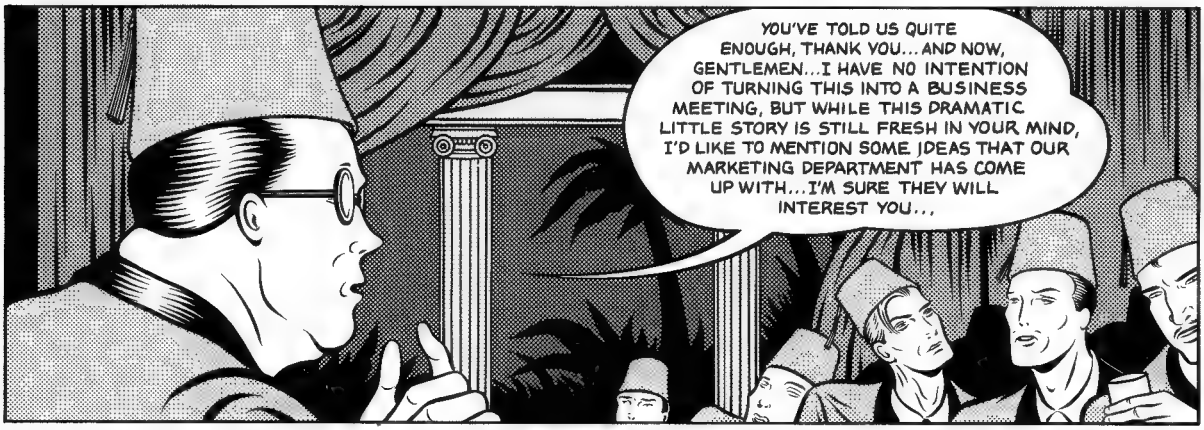

ONCE I ARRIVED HERE, I WAS STRIPPED TO MY UNDERWEAR AND LED TO A ROOM FOR INTERROGATION.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... I DON'T BELONG HERE! I LEFT MY WIFE'S HEAD ALL ALONE! SHE NEEDS A NEW BODY, AND WITHOUT ME SHE'LL DIE!
NOW LOOK... IF YOU DON'T START ANSWERING SOME QUESTIONS, THAT THING ON YOUR NECK IS GOING TO NEED A NEW BODY.

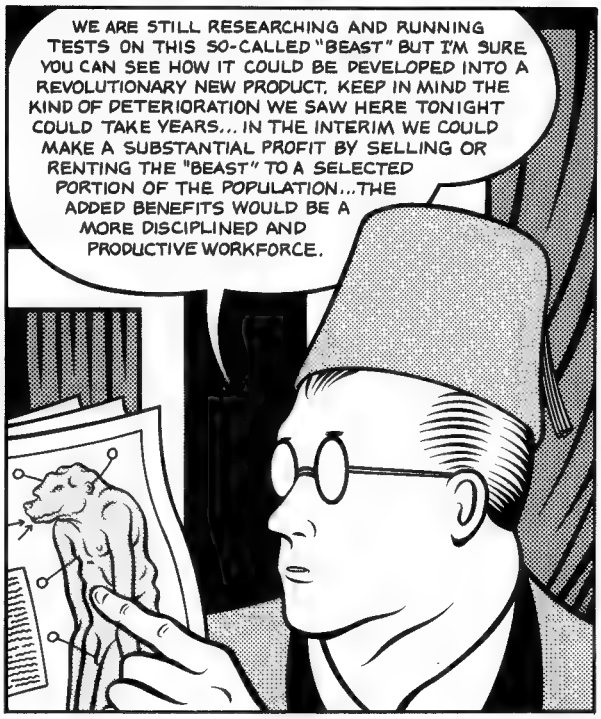
AFTER WHAT SEEMED LIKE DAYS OF RELENTESS INTERROGATION I WAS LED THROUGH A MAZE OF HALLWAYS AND LOCKED DOORS TO A ROOM BROKEN UP INTO SMALL CELLS... THE CELLS CONTAINED HUMANS AND ANIMALS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION...
THIS IS YOUR NEW HOME #023... ENJOY YOUR STAY...


EXCEPT FOR DAILY MEALS THAT WERE SHOVED THROUGH THE BARS AND AN OCCASIONAL OUTBURST FROM ONE OF THE OTHER PRISONERS, I WAS LEFT ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS... VISIONS OF CINDY'S HEAD... ALL OF THE BODIES WALKING FREE ON THE STREETS... WITH HER INSIDE... HELPLESS.

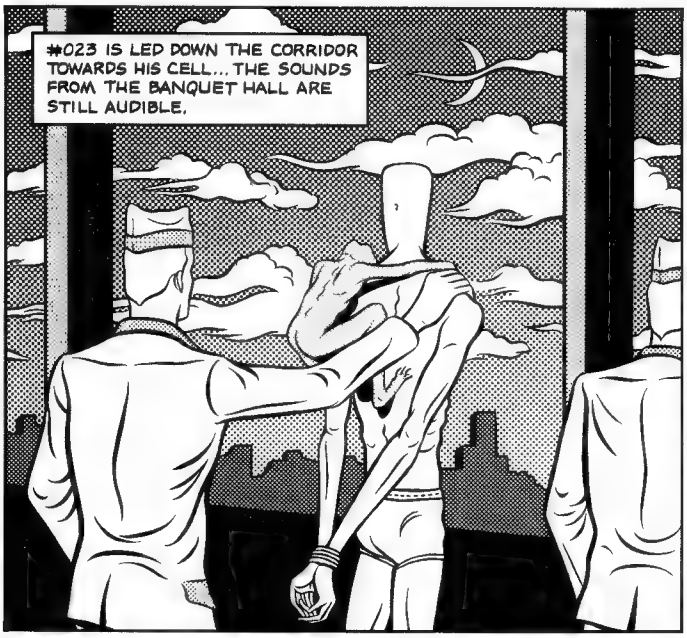

NOW THAT I'VE BROUGHT YOU UP TO DATE I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING...I WANT TO SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE BEAST IS REMOVED...

BEFORE HE CAN ACT, TWO SECURITY GUARDS OVERPOWER HIM AND DRAG HIM FROM THE STAGE.
NO...UH, WAIT! I'M NOT DONE...I...

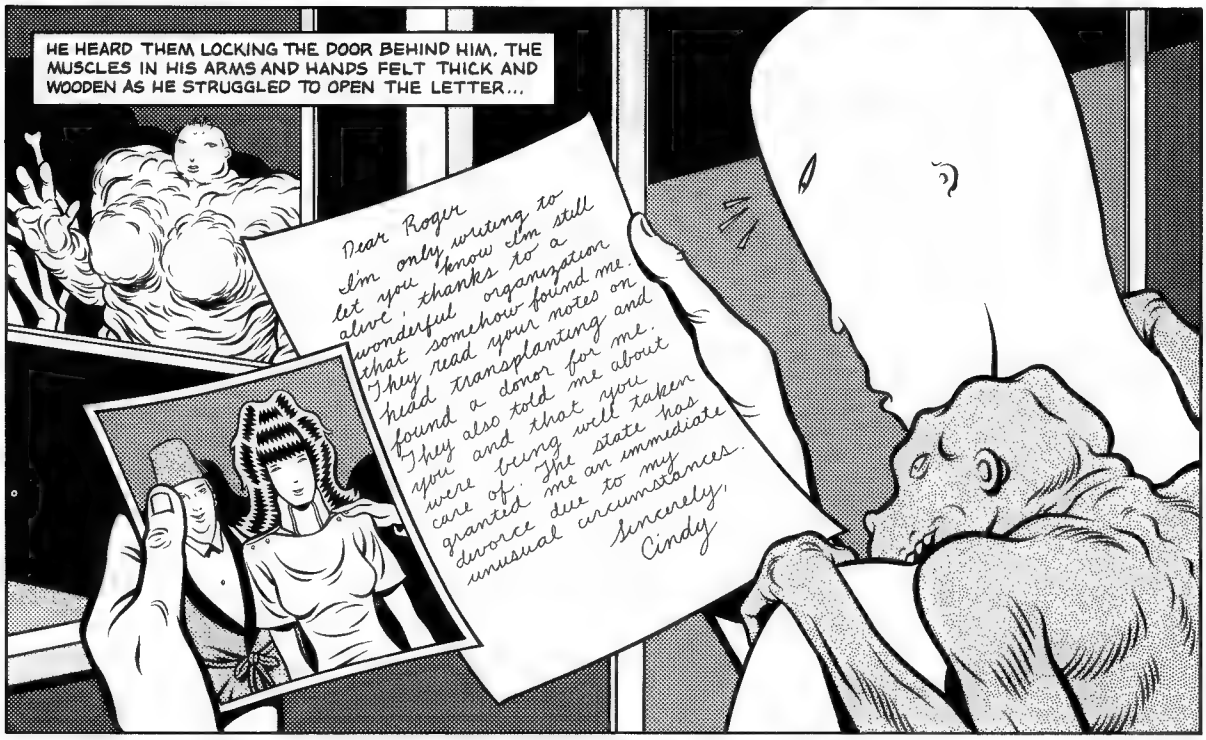

YOU'VE TOLD US QUITE ENOUGH, THANK YOU...AND NOW, GENTLEMEN...I HAVE NO INTENTION OF TURNING THIS INTO A BUSINESS MEETING, BUT WHILE THIS DRAMATIC LITTLE STORY IS STILL FRESH IN YOUR MIND, I'D LIKE TO MENTION SOME IDEAS THAT OUR MARKETING DEPARTMENT HAS COME UP WITH...I'M SURE THEY WILL INTEREST YOU...


WE ARE STILL RESEARCHING AND RUNNING TESTS ON THIS SO-CALLED "BEAST" BUT I'M SURE YOU CAN SEE HOW IT COULD BE DEVELOPED INTO A REVOLUTIONARY NEW PRODUCT. KEEP IN MIND THE KIND OF DETERIORATION WE SAW HERE TONIGHT COULD TAKE YEARS... IN THE INTERIM WE COULD MAKE A SUBSTANTIAL PROFIT BY SELLING OR RENTING THE "BEAST" TO A SELECTED PORTION OF THE POPULATION...THE ADDED BENEFITS WOULD BE A MORE DISCIPLINED AND PRODUCTIVE WORKFORCE.

WITH AN EFFECTIVE ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN WE COULD INDUCE A HUGE BUYING PUBLIC INTO ACCEPTING THE MORE QUESTIONABLE MERITS OF THE "BEAST"... AND OF COURSE AFTER A CERTAIN POINT NO ENTICEMENT WILL BE NECESSARY AS OUR SPECIMEN SO CLEARLY DEMONSTRATED THIS EVENING...


#023 IS LED DOWN THE CORRIDOR TOWARDS HIS CELL... THE SOUNDS FROM THE BANQUET HALL ARE STILL AUDIBLE.

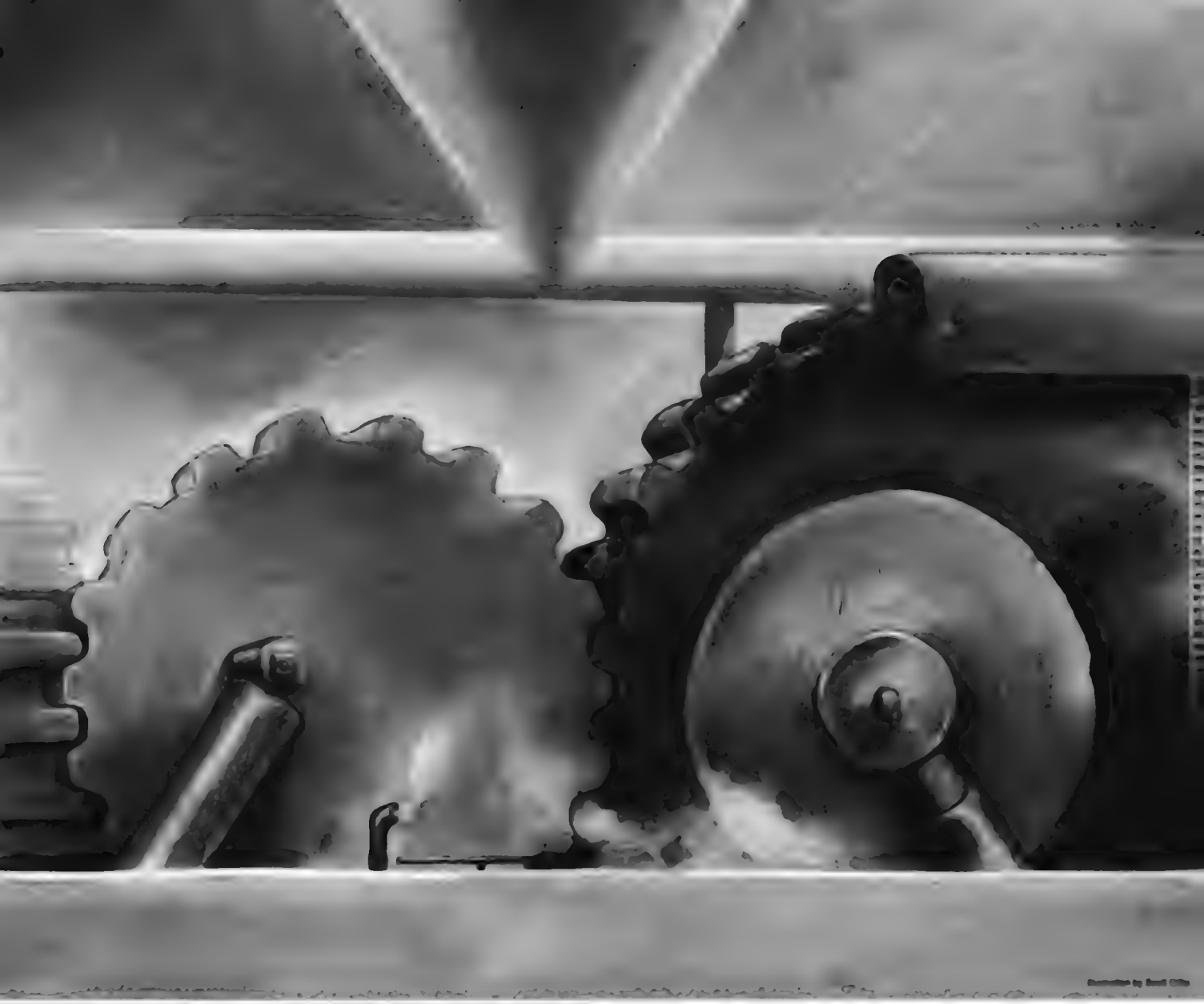
HOLD IT A MOMENT. YOU'RE #023? I'VE GOT A REGISTERED LETTER FOR YOU... YOU'LL HAVE TO SIGN.
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND...


HE HEARD THEM LOCKING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM, THE MUSCLES IN HIS ARMS AND HANDS FELT THICK AND WOODEN AS HE STRUGGLED TO OPEN THE LETTER...
Dear Roger
I'm only writing to let you know I'm still alive, thanks to a wonderful organization that somehow found me. They read your notes on head transplanting and found a donor for me. They also told me about you and that you were being well taken care of. The state has granted me an immediate divorce due to my unusual circumstances.
Sincerely,
Cindy

HOURS LATER... THE BEAST PACES THE LENGTH OF THE CELL... WAITING FOR A NEW BODY.
THE END.

JACK SURVIVES

© '81 Jerry Moriarty



LIVING WITH CONTRADICTIONS

He didn't want to fight in any war and she didn't want to have a child. They had been living together for three years and still didn't have a way to refer to each other that didn't sound stupid, false, or antiquated. Language follows change and there wasn't any language to use. Partners in a pairbonded situation; that sounded neutral. Of course living with someone isn't a neutral situation. Julie and Joe aren't cavedwellers. They don't live together as lovers or as husband and wife.

How long would this century be called modern or, even, post-modern? Perhaps relationships between people in the 14th century were more equitable, less fantastic. Not that Julie would've wanted to have been the miller's wife, or Joe, the miller. In other centuries, different relationships. Less presumption, less intimacy? Before capitalism, early capitalism, no capitalism, feudalism. Feudal relationships. I want one of those, Julie thought, something feudal. What would it be like not to have a contemporary mind?

Intimacy is something people used to talk about before commercials. Now there's nothing to say. People are intimate with their analysts, if they're lucky. What could be more intimate than an advertisement for Ivory soap? It's impossible not to be affected.

The manufacture of desire and the evidence of real desire. But "real" desire is for what—for what is real or manufactured? Other people's passions always leave you cold. There is nothing like really being held. They didn't expect to be everything to each other.

The first year they lived together was a battle to be together and to be separate. A silent battle, because you can't fight the fight together, it defeats the purpose of the battle. You can't talk about relationships, at least they didn't; they talked about things that happened and things that didn't. Daily life is very daily.

The great adventure, the pioneering thing, is to live together and not be a couple. The expectation is indefatigable and exhausting. Julie bought an Italian postcard, circa 1953, showing an ardent man and woman, locked in embrace. And looking at each other. Except one of her eyes was roving out, the other in, and his eyes, looking at her, were crossed. Like star-crossed lovers' eyes should be, she thought. She drew a triangle around their eyes, which made them still more distorted. People would ask "Where's Joe?" as if there were something supposed to be attached to her. The attachment, my dear, isn't tangible, she wanted to say, but it is also physical.

New cars, new lovers. Sometimes she felt like Ma Kettle in a situation comedy, looked on from the outside. You're either on the inside looking out or the outside looking in. (Then there's the inside looking in, the outside looking out.)

Joe: We're old love.
Julie: We're familiar with each other.

Julie didn't mind except that she didn't have anyone new to talk about, the way her friends did. Consumerism in love. One friend told her that talking about the person you lived with was like airing your clean laundry in public.

Familiarity was, for her, better than romance. She'd been in love enough. Being in love is a fiction that lasts an hour and a half, feature-length, and then you're hungry again. Unromantic old love comforted her, like a room to read in.

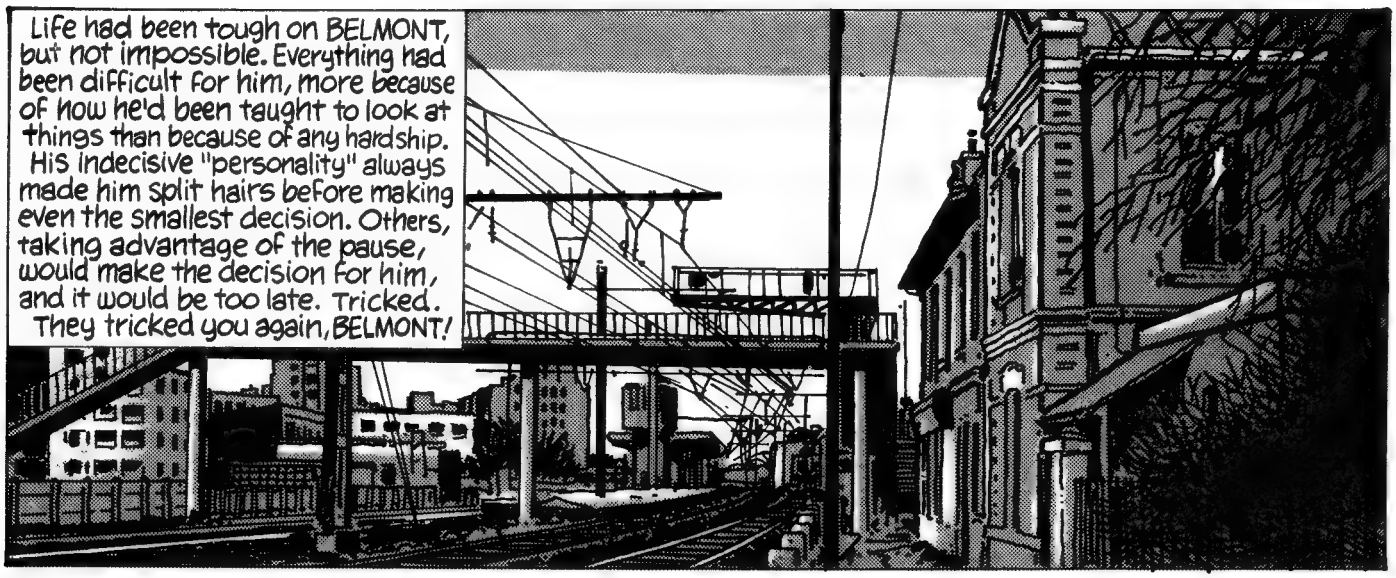
Joe: You hooked up with me at the end of your hard-guy period.
Julie: How do you know?
Joe: I know.

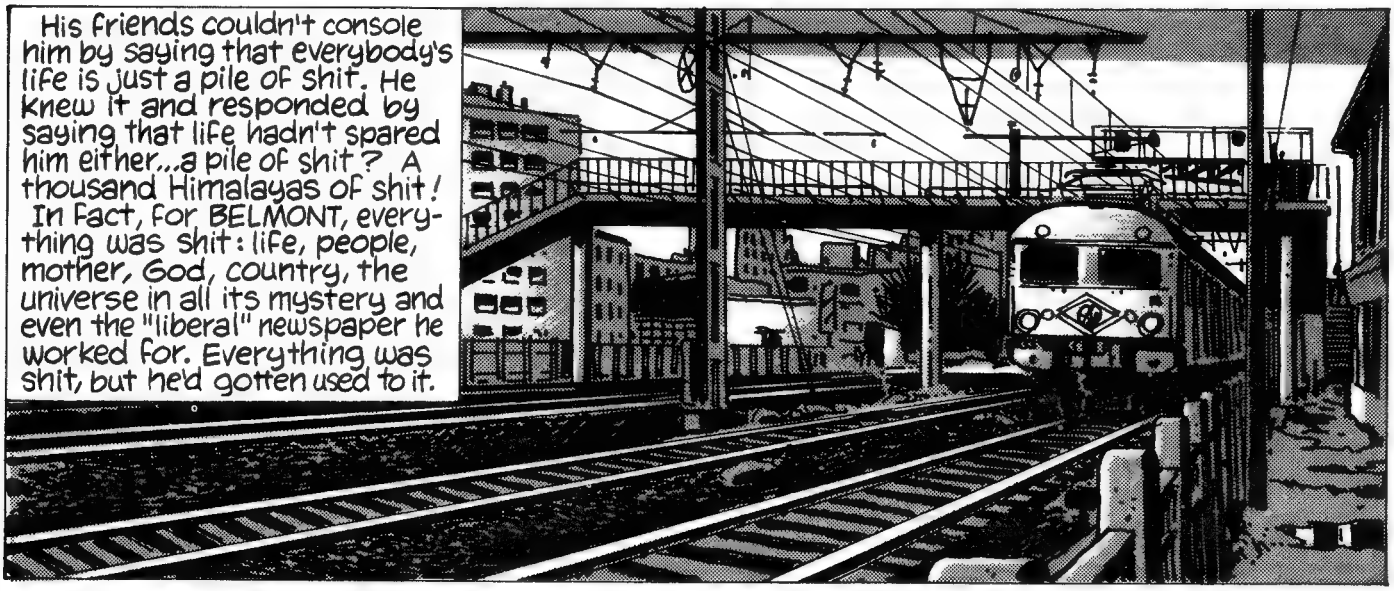
So, Julie and Joe were just part of the great heterosexual capitalist family thrall, possessing each other. Contradictions make life finer. Ambivalence is just another word for love, becoming romantic abut the unconscious.

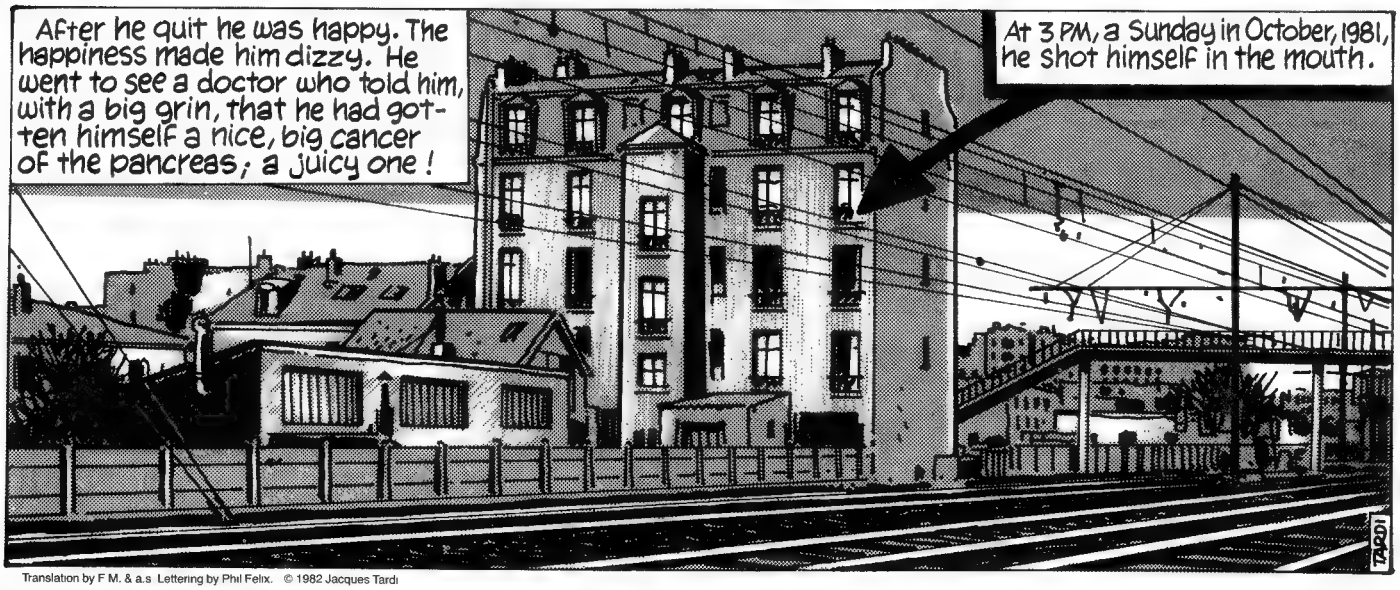
Where does one find comfort, even constancy. To find it in an idea or in the flesh. We do incorporate ideas, after all. You can accept the irrational over and again, you can renounce your feelings everyday, but still you're a baby. An infant outside of reason, speaking reasonably about the unreasonable.

Calling love desire doesn't change the need. Julie couldn't abandon her desire for love. It was a pleasurable contradiction and its was against all reason.

—by Lynne Tillman







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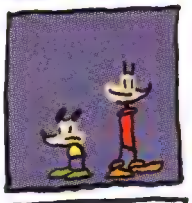
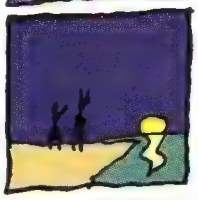
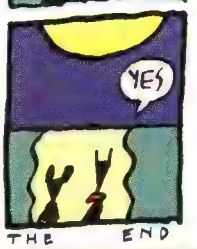
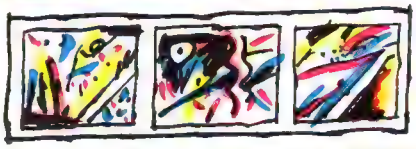






LITTLE MR. HORSEMAN



FISHING in the RIVER

THE LIFE OF ALFRED JARRY

RY AND RELEVANT DATA

DEC. 11, 1896: THE CURTAIN GOES UP ON UBU ROI..."THE ACTION TAKES PLACE IN POLAND, THAT IS TO SAY: NOWHERE."

IN A VOICE LIKE JARRY'S OWN THE ACTOR FIRMIN GÉMIER PRONOUNCES UBU'S FIRST WORD: "MERDRE" (IN ENGLISH, "SHITR"). THE HOUSE IS SHOCKED AWAKE.

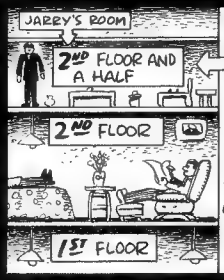
FISTFIGHTS BREAK OUT IN THE FIRST ROW BETWEEN CRITICS OF THE OLD & NEW GUARD. 15 MINUTES OF HAVOC ENSUE.

INTERRUPTIONS CONTINUE BUT THE PLAY GOES ON. NEXT MORNING 15 CRITICS BATTLE IT OUT ON NEWSPRINT--

ALL OF THIS SCANDALE ONLY SERVES TO PUSH JARRY FURTHER INTO HIS FABRICATED PERSONALITY...

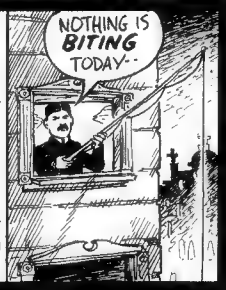
HE EATS HIS MEALS BACKWARDS, STARTING WITH DESSERT AND FINISHING WITH SOUP...

HE GOES TO THE LIGHT OPERA WEARING A DIRTY CANVAS SUIT AND A PAPER SHIRT, A TIE PAINTED ON IN INDIA INK.



BY 1897 HE'S RUN THROUGH A SMALL INHERITANCE AND IS FORCED TO MOVE AGAIN. THIS TIME TO A TINY, DINGY ROOM AT 7 RUE CASSETTE WHERE HE LIVES THE REST OF HIS LIFE...

HE CALLS IT HIS "REDUCTION OF AN APARTMENT". THE CEILING IS SO LOW, HIS HEAD RUBS UP AGAINST IT. HE WRITES ON HIS STOMACH. (THE FLOOR BECOMES "THE REDUCTION OF A TABLE".)



AROUND 1900 HE RENTS A STABLE FOR BARGE MULES AS A SUMMER RESIDENCE AND THROWS A BANQUET..

POLICEMEN BREAK UP THE PARTY. THEY COME TO FISH OUT A DEAD BODY FROM THE NEARBY CANAL..

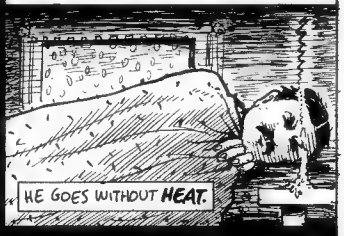
ON HIS FREQUENT NOCTURNAL WALKS AROUND PARIS HE GOES FULLY ARMED.. ONE EVENING HE'S ASKED FOR A LIGHT. HE FIRES A PISTOL AT THE CIGAR.

BY NOW, HE IS ADDRESSED AS "PERE UBU" BY EVERYONE. HE MEETS PICASSO, WHO ADOPTS SOME OF HIS HABITS.

HE STARTS TO ADD ETHER TO HIS DIET, COMBINING IT WITH A TORRENT OF ABSINTHE.. SEVERAL NOVELS POUR FORTH AS WELL--

..UBU POSSESSES HIM TOTALLY..

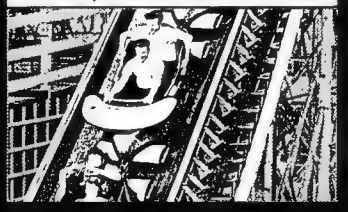
HIS HEALTH, NEVER RELIABLE, BEGINS TO SERIOUSLY DETERIORATE..



"PÈRE UBU BELIEVES THAT THE BRAIN CONTINUES TO FUNCTION AFTER DEATH AND THAT ITS DREAMS ARE OUR PARADISE..."

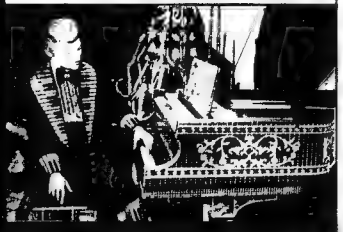
HE RETURNS TO LAVAL BRIEFLY, UNDER THE CARE OF HIS SISTER. HE CONTINUES WRITING.

DESPITE HIS NOTORIETY AND A PROLIFIC OUTPUT OF POEMS, STORIES, PLAYS & DRAWINGS, JARRY CANNOT SUPPORT HIMSELF.



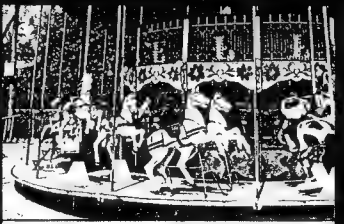
HE BARELY SURVIVES THE WINTER OF 1905-06. HIS FRIENDS RAISE MONEY FOR HIM THROUGH A SUBSCRIPTION EDITION OF A MEDIOCRE OPERETTA..

IN MAY, THE POSTMAN DELIVERS A LETTER TO MME. RACHILDE..



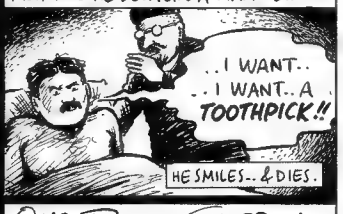
..JARRY KNOWS HE WILL DIE SOON.. HE HAS "A FEELING IT WILL BE TONIGHT AT FIVE.. IT'S ALL AS MUCH FUN AS GOING FISH-ING."

HE MANAGES TO PULL HIMSELF THROUGH ANOTHER YEAR. THEN, IN THE FALL OF 1907, HE DROPS OUT OF SIGHT..



WORRIED THAT HE MAY BE GRAVELY ILL, HIS FRIENDS PAY A VISIT TO HIS APARTMENT. HE LIES IN A SEMI-COMA.

ON NOV. 1, 1907, ALFRED JARRY AWAKES. HE DELIVERS A FINAL LINE--



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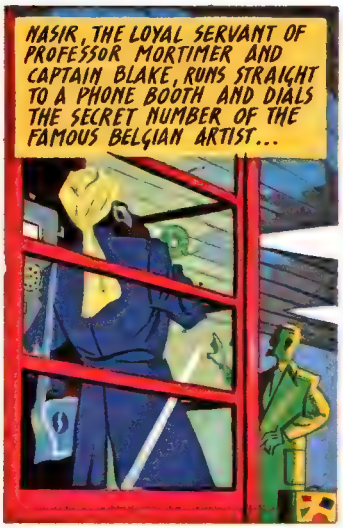
AN HOMMAGE TO EDGAR P. JACOBS' COMIC STRIP, "BLAKE AND MORTIMER"

A EDGAR P. JACOBS

B VERSUS

C COLONEL OLRIK

©1981 by Ever Meulen and Eddy Filippo



MAUS

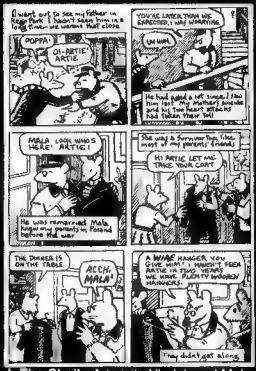
CHAPTER THREE

MAUS, A SURVIVOR'S TALE

© 1982 art spiegelman

THE STORY THUS FAR:

After a long estrangement, Art Spiegelman returns home to visit his father, Vladek. Anja, the author's mother, had committed suicide. Vladek, now ailing, is remarried to Mala. She is also a concentration camp survivor. The author explains that he wants to draw a book about Vladek and Anja's life in Poland during the war .



I. The Sheik. Art visits Vladek and Mala, who don't get along.

V. tells Art of his pre-war life in Poland as a textile salesman.

V. says he was handsome and popular. He meets Lucia Greenberg.

V. invites her to his apartment. They become lovers.

Her family is poor. V. resists marriage. He visits his family in Sosnowiec.

A cousin introduces V. to Anja Zylberberg. He is 30. She is 24.

She writes and calls him often. V. tries to break with Lucia.

A. is not very pretty, but bright and from a wealthy family.

V. finds out she has poor nerves, but by 1937 they are engaged.

When L. learns this, she throws herself at V. He spurns her.

V. doesn't hear from L. again. But A. won't speak to him.

She got a letter from L. slandering V. He calms her. They are wed.

II. The Honeymoon. V. tells Art that A. once had a Communist boyfriend.

Unknown to V., A. translates Communist documents.

To avoid the police, A. hides papers with a seamstress who is arrested.

A.'s father bails her out. He also sets V. up with a textile factory.

In Oct. '37, V. and A. have a son, Richieu.

A. has a breakdown. A.'s father sends V. to go with her to a sanitarium.

It is in Czechoslovakia. En route they see a Nazi flag in a town square.

Jewish passengers trade stories of Nazi persecution.

The sanitarium is peaceful. V. helps keep A. calm.

V. takes A. dancing and tells her stories. She is happy.

They return home. V.'s factory has been robbed. A.'s father offers help.

They are soon well-off, but hear of growing anti-semitic activity.

1939. V. is drafted. A. and son go back to family. V. goes to the front.

About two weeks later... Back to Rego Park for dinner, and another session with Vladek...

FORTUNATELY FOR ME, MOM WOULD EVENTUALLY FEED ME SOMETHING I LIKED, AND THROW AWAY THE OLD FOOD WHILE YOU WEREN'T LOOKING.
YES. ANJA WAS TOO EASY WITH YOU ALWAYS.

HMMH.
THANKS FOR THE DINNER, MALA. IT WAS DELICIOUS.

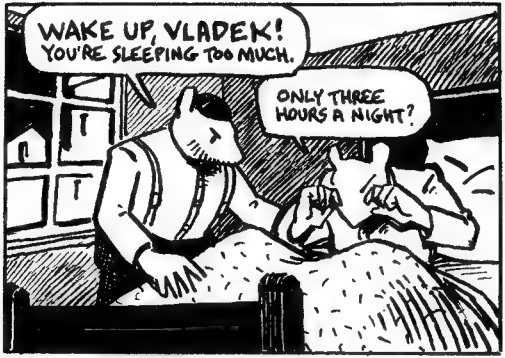
PFEH – THE CHICKEN WAS, I THOUGHT, TOO DRY. COME, WE'LL TALK BETTER IN THE LIVING ROOM.
OKAY – I'LL GET MY NOTEBOOK.

...I TELL YOU, WITH MALA I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. SHE-
PLEASE, POP! I'D RATHER NOT HEAR ALL THAT AGAIN. TELL ME ABOUT 1939 WHEN YOU WERE DRAFTED.

1939? YES...WE WERE GIVEN ARMY TRAININGS FOR A FEW DAYS AND THEN, BY THE START OF SEPTEMBER WE WERE ON THE FRONTIER.
...WE WERE ALL DIGGED INTO TRENCHES NEAR A RIVER. ON THE OTHER SIDE IT WAS GERMANS.

IT WAS EVERYTHING QUIET UNTIL NEAR MORNING...
WAIT A MINUTE. THEY ONLY TRAINED YOU FOR A FEW DAYS BEFORE SENDING YOU INTO COMBAT!
WELL, THE FIRST TIME I WENT INTO THE ARMY FOR 18 MONTHS WHEN I WAS 21. THEN EVERY 4 YEARS I WENT TO LUBLIN FOR A MONTH TO TRAIN.
YOU KNOW, MY FATHER TRIED TO KEEP ALL HIS CHILDREN OUT FROM THE ARMY..
..BECAUSE WHEN HE WAS YOUNG, HE HAD THEN TO GO INTO THE RUSSIAN ARMY. ...AND THERE THEY TOOK YOU FOR 25 YEARS. ...TO SIBERIA!
MY FATHER PULLED OUT 14 OF HIS TEETH TO ESCAPE. IF YOU MISSED 12 TEETH THEY LEFT YOU GO.
SO WHEN MY BROTHER MARCUS GOT 21 YEARS, FATHER PUT HIM ON A STARVATION DIET. ALWAYS MARCUS WAS SICKLY-SO THIN.
AND WHEN HE WENT FOR THE ARMY EXAMINATION...THEY DIDN'T TAKE HIM.
A YEAR LATER WHEN IT CAME MY TURN, FATHER WANTED TO MAKE TO ME THE SAME THING.
IT WAS SOMETHING TERRIBLE!...

THREE MONTHS BEFORE THE EXAMINATION HE STARTED WITH ME...

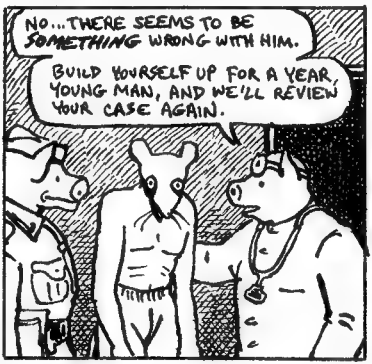

WAKE UP, VLADEK! YOU'RE SLEEPING TOO MUCH.
ONLY THREE HOURS A NIGHT?

STOP, VLADEK. YOU MUSTN'T EAT SO MUCH!
BUT I'M HUNGRY!
OKAY- HAVE ONE MORE HERRING.

FOR THREE MONTHS I ATE ONLY SALTED HERRING AND NO WATER TO LOSE WEIGHT.

AND A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE EXAM, NO SLEEP AND NO FOOD...
GOOD BOY..JUST A LITTLE MORE COFFEE!
ONLY A GALLON COFFEE A DAY FOR MY HEART.

AND WHEN FINALLY I WENT FOR MY MEDICAL EXAMINATION...
HERE'S A HEALTHY ONE.
UM!...


NO...THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIM.
BUILD YOURSELF UP FOR A YEAR, YOUNG MAN, AND WE'LL REVIEW YOUR CASE AGAIN.

...THE NEXT YEAR FATHER WANTED I WOULD AGAIN DO THE SAME THING. BUT I BEGGED HIM AND WENT IN 1922 TO THE ARMY...
BUT LET'S GET BACK TO 1939!
YES. YOU SEE HOW YOU MIX ME UP? ...IN 1939 WE WERE ON THE FRONTIER, DIGGED INTO TRENCHES BY A RIVER.
IT WAS QUIET UNTIL NEAR MORNING. THEN I HEARD SHOOTING ON BOTH SIDES.
AN OFFICER SNEAKED OVER TO ME.
DIG IN DEEPER. YOU'LL GET KILLED.
YOUR GUN IS COLD! WHY AREN'T YOU SHOOTING?
I DIDN'T SEE AT WHAT TO SHOOT...
KPOK! KPOK! KPOK!
...BUT I DIGGED DEEPER AND STARTED TO SHOOT!

THEN BULLETS CAME IN MY DIRECTION.

I DUG *DEEPER* MY TRENCH BUT I STOPPED TO SHOOT.

BUT WHEN I LOOKED IN MY GUN, I SAW... A TREE!...

AND THE TREE WAS ACTUALLY MOVING!

WELL, IF IT MOVED, I HAD TO SHOOT!

IT HELD UP A HAND TO SHOW IT WAS HURT. TO SURRENDER.

BUT I KEPT SHOOTING AND SHOOTING: UNTIL FINALLY THE TREE STOPPED MOVING. WHO KNOWS; OTHERWISE HE COULD HAVE SHOT ME!

AFTER TWO HOURS OF FIGHTING, THE NAZIS OVERCAME OUR SIDE OF THE RIVER.
GET UP!
GIVE ME YOUR GUN!
IT'S HOT! YOU WERE SHOOTING AT US!
MY COMMANDER MADE ME SHOOT. I ONLY FIRED IN THE AIR!
I ANSWERED IN GERMAN AND HIS PARTNER STOPPED HIM FROM BEATING ME.
THEY MARCHED ME TO WHERE IT WAS MORE LIKE ME. WAR PRISONERS.
AND ALL FROM US WHAT WEREN'T INJURED THEY MARCHED OVER TO THEIR SIDE OF THE RIVER TO LOOK FOR DEAD SOLDIERS.

ATTENTION! ALL PRISONERS WILL CARRY OUR DEAD AND WOUNDED TO THE WAITING RED CROSS TRUCKS.

YOU! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
I-I THOUGHT I SAW A BODY OVER BY THE RIVER!
I KNEW WHERE THE ONE I SHOT SHOULD BE LAYING.

YES. HERE!

ER VERBLUTETE! HIS BLOOD RAN OUT!
CARRY HIM OVER TO THE TRUCK WITH THE OTHERS.

HIS NAME WAS JAN...
... AND I KNEW THAT I KILLED HIM.

AND I SAID TO MYSELF: "WELL, AT LEAST I DID SOMETHING"

THEY TOOK US TO A PLACE NEAR NUREMBERG WHERE IT WAS MANY WAR PRISONERS. THE JEWS THEY MADE TO STAND SEPARATE.
IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, THIS WAR!
WE SHOULD HANG YOU RIGHT HERE ON THIS SPOT!
OF COURSE, NOBODY OF US SAID A WORD.
PUT DOWN ALL YOUR VALUABLES!
HE CAME UP TO ME... I HAD MAYBE 300 ZLOTYS.
WHY SO MUCH MONEY, JEW?
MANY OTHERS HAD ONLY 5 OR 6 ZLOTYS.
DO YOU EXPECT TO DO SOME BUSINESS HERE? SHOW ME YOUR HANDS!
YOU NEVER WORKED A DAY IN YOUR LIFE!
LIKE YOU, ARTIE, MY HANDS WERE ALWAYS VERY DELICATE.
WELL, JEW, DON'T WORRY. WE'LL FIND WORK FOR YOU!
AND THEY DID.

ANOTHER GERMAN TOOK 4 OR 5 FROM US TO A STABLE.

SEE THIS MESS? IT BETTER BE SPOTLESSLY CLEAN IN ONE HOUR. UNDERSTAND!

IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO DO IT IN ONE HOUR!

WE REALLY WORKED VERY HARD. BUT, AN HOUR LATER...

SO!

NOT FINISHED YET?

THIS WILL COST YOU YOUR SOUP, YOU LAZY BASTARDS!

AND SOMEHOW WE DID MAKE THE JOB IN ONLY AN HOUR AND A HALF. BUT LOOK WHAT YOU DO, ARTIE!

HUH?

YOU'RE DROPPING ON THE CARPET CIGARETTE ASHES. YOU WANT IT SHOULD BE LIKE A STABLE HERE?

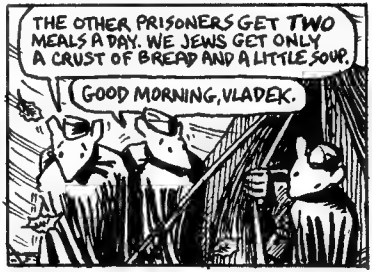
OOPS. SORRY.

CLEAN IT, YES? OTHERWISE I HAVE TO DO IT. MALA COULD LET IT SIT LIKE THIS FOR A WEEK AND AND NEVER TOUCH IT.

AND SHE KNOWS HOW WITH MY SICKNESSES IT'S HARD NOW FOR ME TO DO SUCH THINGS.

OKAY, OKAY. IT'S CLEAN.

TO KEEP WARM WE HAD ONLY OUR SUMMER UNIFORMS AND A THIN BLANKET.



MANY OTHERS GOT FROSTBITE WOUNDS. IN THE WOUNDS WAS PUS, AND IN THE PUS WAS LICE.

EVERY DAY I BATHED AND DID GYMNASTICS TO KEEP STRONG. ...AND EVERY DAY WE PRAYED.

מה־טבו אהליך
יעקב, משכנתיך
ישראל.

I WAS VERY RELIGIOUS, AND IT WASN'T *ELSE* TO DO.

OFTEN WE PLAYED CHESS TO KEEP OUR MINDS BUSY AND MAKE THE TIME GO.

I HAD A SET MADE FROM STONES AND BREAD CRUMBS.

AND ONE TIME A WEEK WE COULD WRITE LETTERS THROUGH THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS.

Dear Anja.
I am fine.
I miss you.

ONLY IN GERMAN. AND VERY CAREFUL.

AND THROUGH THIS IT CAME A PACKAGE...

CHOCOLATE BARS!
CIGARETTES!
JAM!

IT WAS SO TREASURING FOR ME THIS PACKAGE.

I HAD A SIGN MY FAMILY WAS SAFE, AND – BECAUSE I NEVER SMOKED – I HAD CIGARETTES TO TRADE FOR FOOD.

AND SO THINGS WENT FOR MAYBE SIX WEEKS, THEN...

LOOK! THERE'S AN ANNOUNCEMENT OUTSIDE!

WORKERS NEEDED
War Prisoners may volunteer for labor assignments to replace German workers called to the front. Housing and abundant food will be supplied.

IT'S A TRICK!

NEVER VOLUNTEER!

IF WE *HAVE* TO DIE, LET'S DIE *HERE*!

NO!

I DIDN'T AGREE!

I'M NOT GOING TO DIE, AND I WON'T DIE HERE!

I WANT TO BE TREATED LIKE A HUMAN BEING!

WHEN MY COMRADES SAW I WAS GOING, THEY TOO REGISTERED.
WE WERE RIGHT AWAY SENT TO A BIG GERMAN COMPANY.
WE WERE TAKEN TO NICE WOODEN HOUSES. WE GOT SOUP AND WE GOT BREAD...
LOOK! A STOVE!
AND REAL BEDS!
WITH SHEETS AND PILLOWS!
AND FOR A WHOLE DAY WE ONLY RESTED AND GOT BACK OUR STRENGTH.
AH- IT SEEMS LIKE YEARS SINCE I'VE FELT WARM OR BEEN IN A BED!
YES- FUNNY, ISN'T IT? IT'S ONLY A LITTLE OVER 2 MONTHS SINCE WE WERE DRAFTED.
I'M WORRIED THOUGH, VLADEK- WHO KNOWS WHAT KIND OF WORK THEY'LL GIVE US.
IT DOESN'T MATTER..
.. ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN ROTTING IN THOSE TENTS.
I SUPPOSE.
THE NEXT DAY WE WERE GIVEN SHOVELS AND PICKS...
...THINGS WHAT WE NEVER HELD IN OUR HANDS BEFORE.

AND THE WORK WAS REALLY VERY HARD— WE HAD TO MOVE MOUNTAINS.

MOUNTAIN

VALLEY

THE HILLS WERE MAYBE 3 OR 4 YARDS HIGH. WE HAD TO MAKE IT LEVEL.

SOME COMPLAINED—THOSE WHAT WERE TOO OLD OR WEAK FOR SUCH WORK:

I-I CANT TAKE ANYMORE.

WORTHLESS JEW!

IF YOU'RE UNHAPPY—GO BACK TO THE P.O.W. CAMP.

IT'S OKAY—WE'LL HELP YOU WHEN NO ONE IS LOOKING.

WE TRIED TO HELP, BUT—WHAT YOU THINK?—SOME WENT BACK TO THE TENTS TO FREEZE AND TO STARVE.

BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM, I DON'T KNOW.

STILL, EIGHTY PER CENT STAYED. THERE WAS ENOUGH TO EAT, AND A WARM BED. I WAS SATISFIED...

...ALWAYS I WENT TO SLEEP EXHAUSTED. AND ONE NIGHT I HAD A DREAM...

"DON'T WORRY...

A VOICE WAS TALKING TO ME. IT WAS, I THINK, MY DEAD GRANDFATHER...

"...DON'T WORRY MY CHILD..."

IT WAS SO REAL, THIS VOICE...

"YOU WILL COME OUT OF THIS PLACE - FREE! ...ON THE DAY OF PARSHAS TRUMA."

I WOKE UP RIGHT AWAY. AND WHEN I WENT TO SLEEP, AGAIN IT WAS: "PARSHAS TRUMA! PARSHAS TRUMA!"

SO WHAT'S PARSHAS TRUMA?

EACH WEEK, ON SATURDAY, WE READ A SECTION FROM THE TORAH.

THIS IS SO CALLED - A PARSHA... AND ONE WEEK EACH YEAR IT IS PARSHAS TRUMA.

BEFORE WORK A FEW FROM US PRAYED. IT WAS A RABBI THERE WITH US.

ONE MOMENT, RABBI. WHEN WILL WE READ PARSHAS TRUMA?

PARSHAS TRUMA?..

...IN THE MIDDLE OF FEBRUARY - ALMOST THREE MONTHS FROM NOW. WHY?

THREE MONTHS - AND EVERY DAY WAS FOR US A YEAR!

I TOLD HIM MY DREAM...

LET'S HOPE IT'S TRUE. I'M AFRAID WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE.

SO WE WORKED, DAY AFTER DAY. WE SURVIVED. WEEK AFTER WEEK. THE SAME.

UNTIL, ONE TIME...
LOOK - SOLDIERS!

IT CAME VERY MANY GESTAPO AND WEHRMACHT.
ATTENTION! LINE UP ON THE ROAD IN TWO ROWS! IMMEDIATELY!
WE WERE NOT AT EASE. WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY COULD DO WITH US.

I STOOD ALWAYS IN THE SECOND LINE.
(PSST - VLADEK.)
I DIDN'T WANT THEY SHOULD SEE ME MUCH.

SOMEONE SNEAKED NEXT TO ME...
RABBI!
DO YOU KNOW WHAT DAY IT IS?

SATURDAY, OF COURSE.
BUT DO YOU KNOW WHAT A SATURDAY?..

IT'S PARSHAS TRUMA!

THEY MARCHED US TO THE MAIN COURTYARD AND LINED US BY ALPHABET AT TABLES...
NAME AND RANK?
SPIEGELMAN, VLADEK. CORPORAL.
DESTINATION UPON RELEASE?
SOSNOWIEC..
THIS THE GERMANS DID VERY GOOD...
..TO MY WIFE AND CHILD.
..ALWAYS THEY DID EVERYTHING VERY SYSTEMATIC.
VERY WELL- SIGN THIS RELEASE FORM.
...AND IT WAS ALL DONE IN ONE DAY.
YOU MEAN YOUR 'PARSHAS TRUMA' DREAM ACTUALLY CAME TRUE?
YES-THIS IS FOR ME A VERY IMPORTANT DATE...
I CHECKED LATER ON A CALENDAR. IT WAS THIS PARSHA ON THE WEEK I GOT MARRIED TO ANJA.
...AND THIS WAS THE PARSHA IN 1945, AFTER THE WAR, ON THE WEEK YOU WERE BORN!...
AND SO IT CAME OUT TO BE THIS PARSHA YOU SANG ON THE SATURDAY OF YOUR BAR MITZVAH!
THE NEXT MORNING EACH FROM US GOT A RED CROSS PACKAGE, AND THEY LOADED US ON A TRAIN TO POLAND.

DURING THE JOURNEY I SAT WITH THE RABBI.

SO, MY SON. NOW I SEE YOU ARE A "ROH-EH HANOLED," ONE WHO SEES WHAT THE FUTURE WILL BRING.

HEY! THIS TRAIN SEEMS TO BE *PASSING* SOSNOWIEC!

WHEN THEY DIDN'T STOP THE TRAIN I BECAME VERY WORRIED.

YOU SEE, THE NAZIS DIVIDED POLAND INTO PIECES: **PROTECTORATE** AND **REICH**, WITH A GUARDED BORDER BETWEEN.

THE TRAIN WENT COMPLETELY *PAST* MY PART OF POLAND - THE **REICH** - AND STOPPED ONLY IN THE **PROTECTORATE**.

THOSE WITH PAPERS FOR KRAKOW - *OUT*!

AND, WHEN IT STOPPED IN WARSAW, THE RABBI GOT OUT.

I'LL WRITE TO YOU.

BUT I NEVER HEARD AGAIN FROM HIM. IT CAME SUCH A MISERY IN WARSAW, ALMOST NONE SURVIVED.

AND THE TRAIN WAS A LONG WAY PAST SOSNOWIEC. THEY TOOK ME UP, UP, VERY FAR - MAYBE 300 MILES - UNTIL WE CAME TO LUBLIN. THERE THEY UNLOADED ALL OF US FROM THE REICH.

IN LUBLIN, THEY TOOK US TO BIG TENTS..
AND THERE WE SAT.

EVENTUALLY CAME SOME PEOPLE TO SEE US FROM THE JEWISH AUTHORITIES...
WHY ARE WE BEING KEPT HERE?
IT'S A VERY BAD SITUATION... JUST BEFORE YOU ARRIVED, THERE WAS ANOTHER GROUP OF RELEASED WAR PRISONERS...

...TWO DAYS AGO THE NAZIS MARCHED THEM TO A FOREST,...
...AND THEY SHOT ALL OF THEM-THEY KILLED 600 PEOPLE!
WE WERE THE NEXT PARTY!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE RELEASED AS A PRISONER OF WAR!
EXACTLY SO..

INTERNATIONAL LAWS PROTECTED US A LITTLE AS POLISH WAR PRISONERS. BUT A JEW OF THE REICH, ANYONE COULD KILL IN THE STREETS!

I WAS VERY FRIGHTENED.
THEN WE HEARD SOMETHING TO GIVE US A LITTLE HOPE...
WE'VE BRIBED THE GERMANS TO RELEASE PRISONERS INTO THE HOMES OF LOCAL JEWS WHO WILL CLAIM YOU AS RELATIVES.
MY NAME'S SPIEGELMAN. THERE'S A FRIEND OF MY FAMILY NAMED ORBACH IN LUBLIN. I MET HIM WHEN I WAS HERE FOR ARMY TRAINING.
FINE! WE'LL TRY TO REGISTER YOU AS HIS COUSIN.
THAT NIGHT I WENT OUT FROM THE TENT...
I HAD TO URINATE.
I RAN QUICK INSIDE ....
AND THOUGHT ALL NIGHT DIFFERENT THINGS WHAT COULD HAPPEN TO US.
AND A GUARD BEGAN SHOOTING TO ME.

THEN, AS SOON AS IT WAS LIGHT-
SPIEGELMAN!.. SPIEGELMAN!..
VLADEK!
ORBACH! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!
AND IN TEN MINUTES, I WAS FREE!
ORBACH WAS A FRIEND FROM MY UNCLE - HE HAD TWO BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS NEAR TO MY AGE.
I'M SORRY WE CAN'T OFFER YOU A BETTER MEAL, VLADEK - BUT THE JEWS OF LUBLIN GET VERY FEW FOOD COUPONS.
ONE MOMENT, GIRLS - I HAVE A GIFT FOR EACH OF YOU...
OH MY GOD! CHOCOLATE!
THESE I SAVED FROM A RED CROSS PACKAGE. ALWAYS I SAVED... JUST IN CASE!
EVENTUALLY, WHEN I CAME AGAIN TO SOSNOWIEC, WE SENT THEM FOOD PACKAGES...
... WE WERE FOR A WHILE A LITTLE BETTER OFF... AND THEY WROTE BACK VERY HAPPY HOW IT HELPED SURVIVE THEM...
...THEN THEY WROTE THAT THE GERMANS WERE KEEPING THE PACKAGES. AND THEN THEY STOPPED TO WRITE. FINISHED.
WITH ORBACHS' I STAYED A FEW DAYS RECUPERATING. BUT I WAS RESTLESS. HOW COULD I MANAGE TO SNEAK ACROSS THE BORDER TO MY FAMILY.

TRAINS WERE STILL GOING FROM PROTECTORATE TO REICH. ONLY, ONE NEEDED LEGAL PAPERS. OF COURSE, THIS I DIDN'T HAVE ...

...BUT ANYWAY I GOT ON THE TRAIN IN THE DIRECTION I WANTED.

I APPROACHED TO THE TRAIN MAN, A POLE...

MAY I TALK TO YOU FOR A MOMENT?

SURE, SOLDIER.

I STILL HAD ON MY ARMY UNIFORM, AND I DIDN'T LET KNOW I WAS A JEW.

YOU'RE A POLE LIKE ME, SO I CAN TRUST YOU... THE STINKING NAZIS HAD ME IN A WAR PRISON... I JUST ESCAPED.

THE POLES WERE VERY BITTER ON THE GERMANS, SO IT WAS GOOD TO SPEAK BAD OF THEM.

I'M TRYING TO GET TO SOSNOWIEC – BACK TO MY FAMILY.

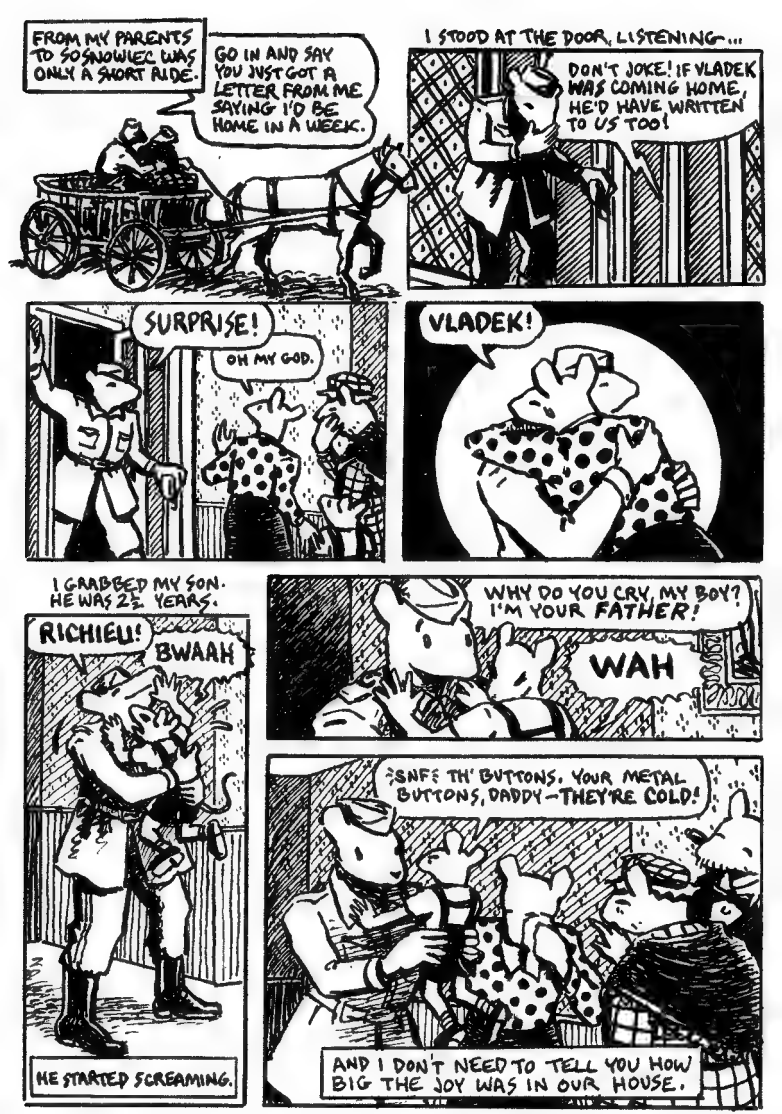
DON'T WORRY... WHEN WE GET TO THE BORDER, HIDE IN HERE.

AND SO THE TRAIN MAN HELPED ME COME BACK TO MY SIDE OF POLAND.

I WALKED FIRST OVER TO MY PARENTS' HOUSE...

...WHAT I THOUGHT I MIGHT NEVER SEE AGAIN.

AT 7:00 IT WAS A RULE. ALL JEWS HAD TO BE IN THEIR HOME AND ALL LIGHTS OUT.


FROM MY PARENTS TO SOSNOWIEC WAS ONLY A SHORT RIDE.
GO IN AND SAY YOU JUST GOT A LETTER FROM ME SAYING I'D BE HOME IN A WEEK.
I STOOD AT THE DOOR, LISTENING...
DON'T JOKE! IF VLADEK WAS COMING HOME, HE'D HAVE WRITTEN TO US TOO!
SURPRISE!
OH MY GOD.
VLADEK!
I GRABBED MY SON. HE WAS 2½ YEARS.
RICHIEU!
BWAAH
HE STARTED SCREAMING.
WHY DO YOU CRY, MY BOY? I'M YOUR FATHER!
WAH
SNFF TH' BUTTONS. YOUR METAL BUTTONS, DADDY—THEY'RE COLD!
AND I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU HOW BIG THE JOY WAS IN OUR HOUSE.

EVEN THOUGH EVERYTHING WAS VERY TOUGH—AND IT WAS REALLY VERY TOUGH—WE WERE HAPPY ONLY TO BE TOGETHER.

..NOT SO LIKE IT IS NOW WITH ME AND MALA.

I TELL YOU, IF ANJA COULD BE ALIVE NOW, IT WOULD BE EVERYTHING DIFFERENT WITH ME!

MALA MAKES ME CRAZY. ONLY SHE TALKS ABOUT MONEY. ALWAYS ABOUT MY WILL—
PLEASE, POP!...

YOU ALWAYS TELL ME THE SAME THINGS. THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO.
BUT I HAVEN'T WITH WHOM ELSE TO TALK!

AND IT'S FOR YOU I WATCH OUT MY MONEY!
JEEZ—LET'S TALK ABOUT IT NEXT TIME. I'LL CALL YOU!

BESIDES, IT'S GETTING LATE. I OUGHTA GET HOME BEFORE CURFEW!"
HMF.

HEY—WHERE'S MY COAT? I KNOW I PUT IT IN HERE!

MALA, DID YOU PUT MY COAT SOMEPLACE?
NO. ARE YOU GOING NOW?..
X-WORD PUZZLE

I'LL MAKE YOU SOME COFFEE.
NO THANKS. I'M NOT THIRSTY...

...AND YOU MAKE THE WORST COFFEE I'VE EVER TASTED.
BUT I STILL HAVE THAT BAG OF ESPRESSO YOU ONCE LEFT HERE.

BUT THAT WAS OVER 6 MONTHS AGO THAT COFFEE'S COMPLETELY STALE!
SO... MAYBE SOME TEA?

NO, THANKS. JUST MY COAT.
OH, DAD - HAVE YOU SEEN MY COAT ANYWHERE?
YES...

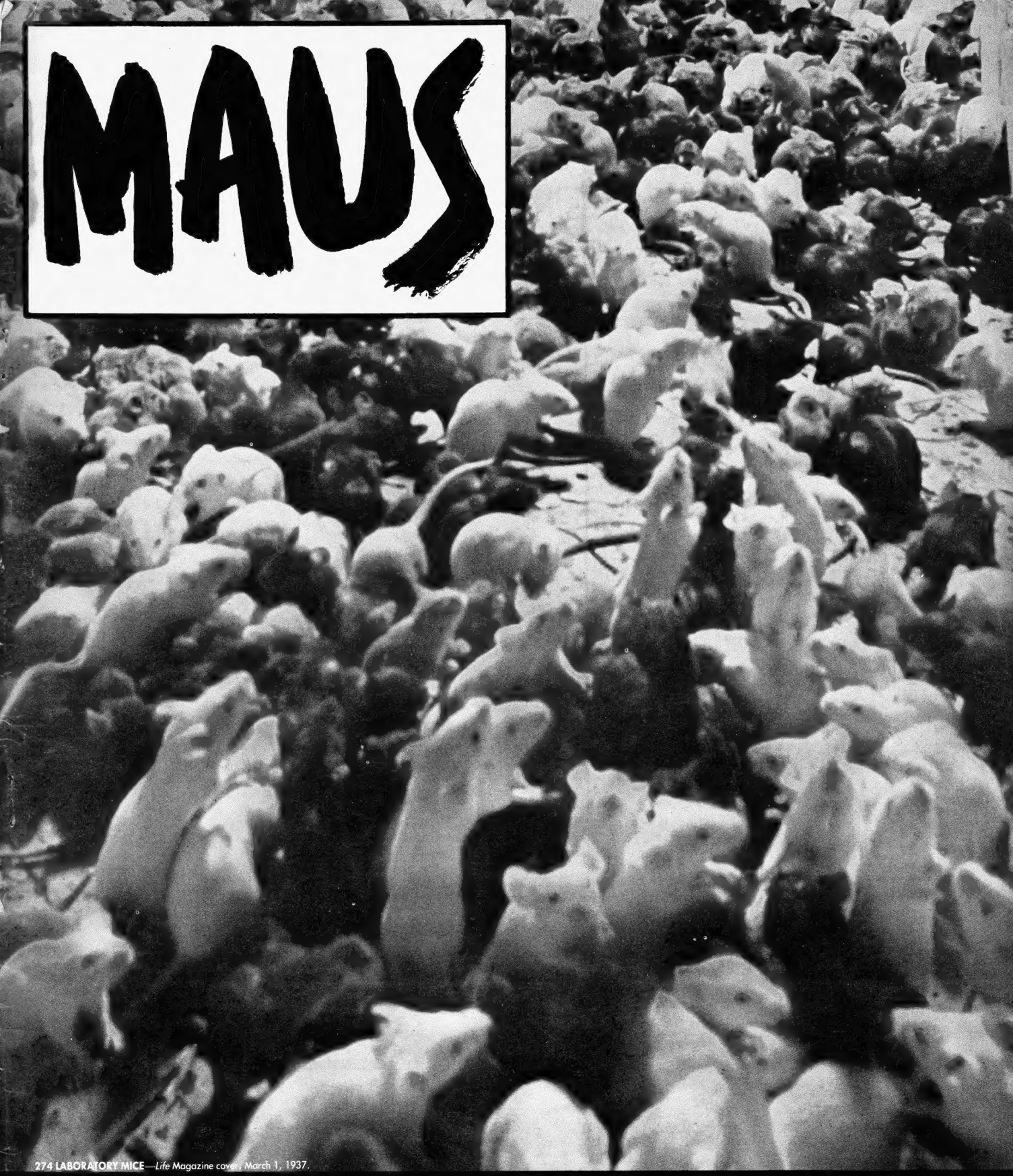
..I THREW IT OUT.
WHAT?!? YOU'RE KIDDING!
sigh

GIVE IT BACK!
IT'S TOO LATE...

WHEN YOU WERE SITTING FIRST DOWN TO DINNER, I THREW IT OUTSIDE. BY NOW THE GARBAGE MEN TOOK IT AWAY.

next: **Chapter Four. THE NOOSE TIGHTENS.**

MAUS



274 LABORATORY MICE—*Life* Magazine cover, March 1, 1937.

MAUS, A SURVIVOR'S TALE. © 1982 art spiegelman.
This is Chapter Three, *Prisoner of War,* of a projected 200-250 page work-in-progress. Future chapters will appear in RAW as they are completed.

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A Pyramid Scan
CW.
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